

No. 21

JAN. 1942

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RAJA

The Arabian Knight

joins

DEE PALOOKA

THE SKYMAN

THE FACE

SPARKY WATTS

CHARLIE CHAN

ROCKY RYAN

CAPTAIN DEVILDOG

DIXIE DUGAN

ROCKY RYAN



Comics

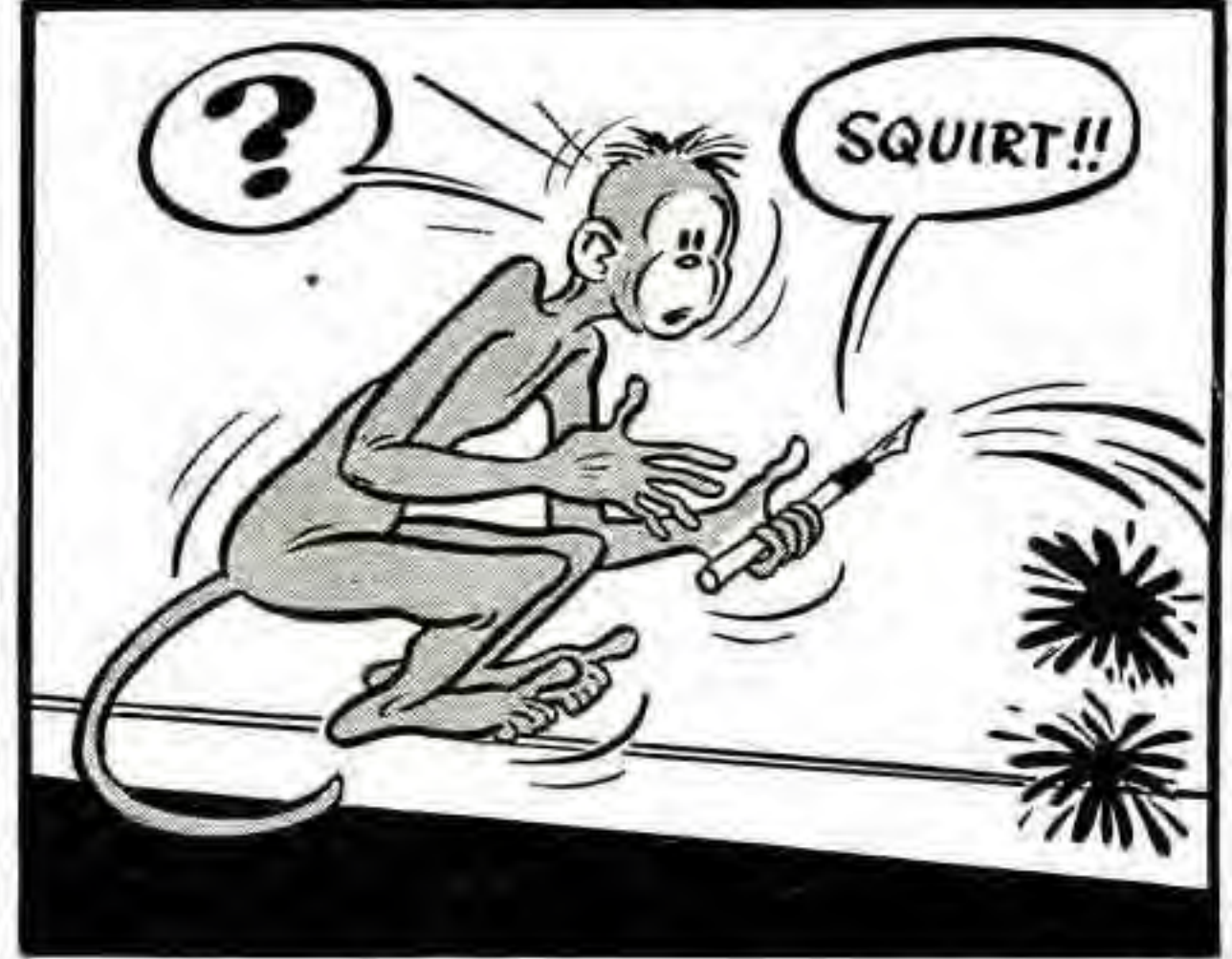


SEASON'S GREETINGS!



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MORTIMER: THE MONK



VINCENT SULLIVAN, *Editor*

BIG SHOT COMICS, published monthly by COLUMBIA COMIC CORPORATION, 369 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as Second Class Matter August 23, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U.S.A. and its possessions, \$1.00. Canada and foreign countries \$2.00. For advertising rates address: William J. Delaney, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyrighted 1942 by COLUMBIA COMIC CORPORATION. Printed in U.S.A.

RAJA

THE ARABIAN KNIGHT!



ZEE AND I ARE RETURNING TO BRAHMA FOR A VACATION. SO FAREWELL AND GOOD FORTUNE. YOU WILL CARRY ON EVEN BETTER THAN WE HAVE, RAJA.

THANK YOU, MARVELO. MAY A KIND KISMET ATTEND THY STEPS.

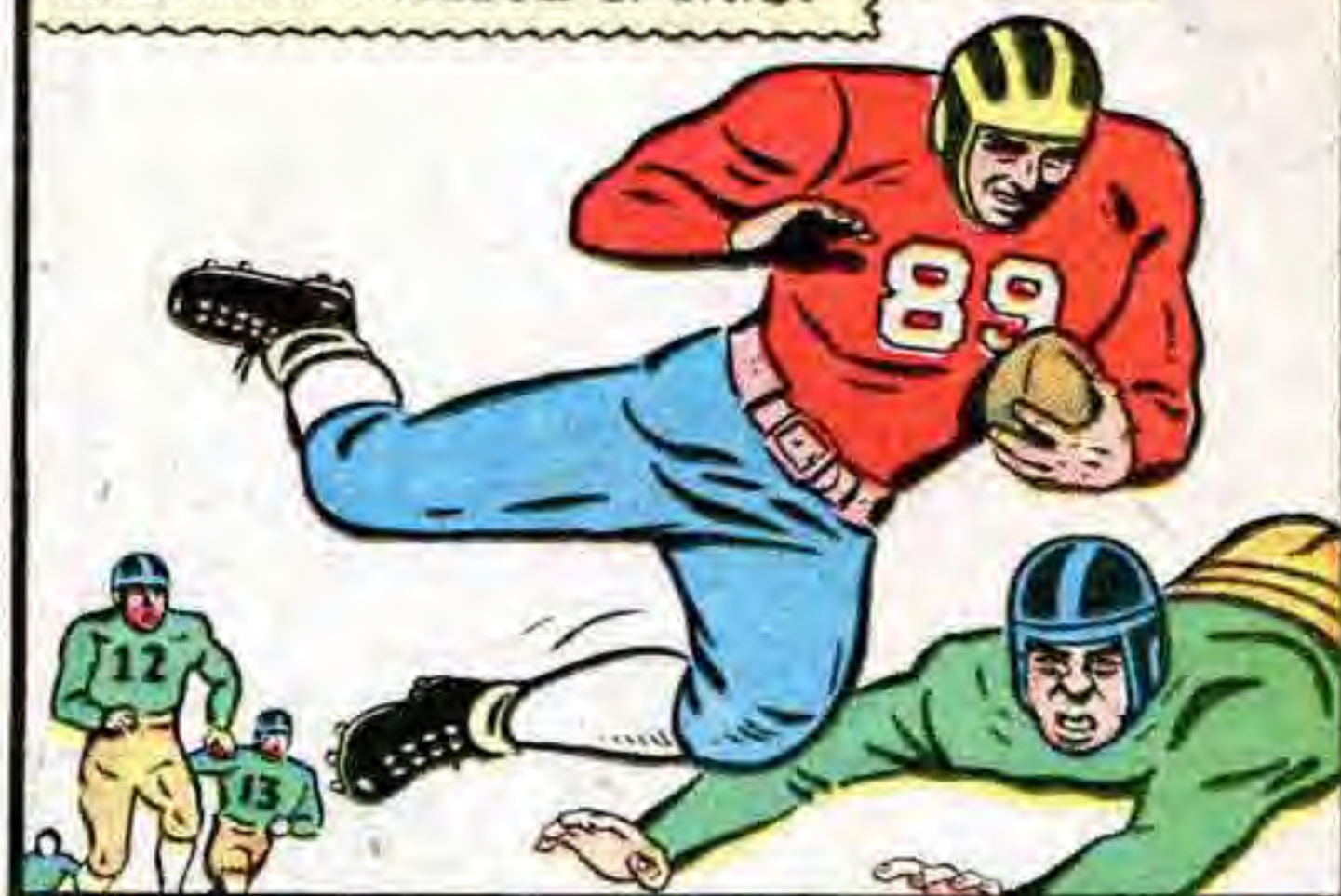


PRINCE OF ARABY.... SWORDSMAN, CRACK-SHOT, ACROBAT... A FEARLESS ADVENTURER WHOSE STRENGTH AND SKILL ARE DEDICATED TO HELPING HIS TROUBLED FELLOWMEN... SUCH IS RAJA... THE ARABIAN KNIGHT.

YOUNG RAJA EARLY LEARNED THE WISDOM OF EASTERN SAGES



SPORTS WRITERS CALLED HIM "THE ARABIAN KNIGHT" BECAUSE OF HIS PROWESS IN AMERICAN COLLEGE SPORTS.



IN COUNTLESS BORDER WARS AGAINST SAVAGE TRIBESMEN, HE GAINED FAME AS A COURAGEOUS LEADER OF FIGHTING MEN.



FINALLY, RAJA SETTLES IN THE UNITED STATES, PREPARED TO KEEP AN ANCIENT LAW OF HIS ROYAL FAMILY.

"THOU SHALT BE A BROTHER TO ALL MEN AND A STRONG RIGHT ARM TO DEFEND THY BROTHERS AGAINST EVIL."



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LATE ONE AFTERNOON RAJA CANTERS THROUGH THE WOODS ADJOINING HIS ESTATE...



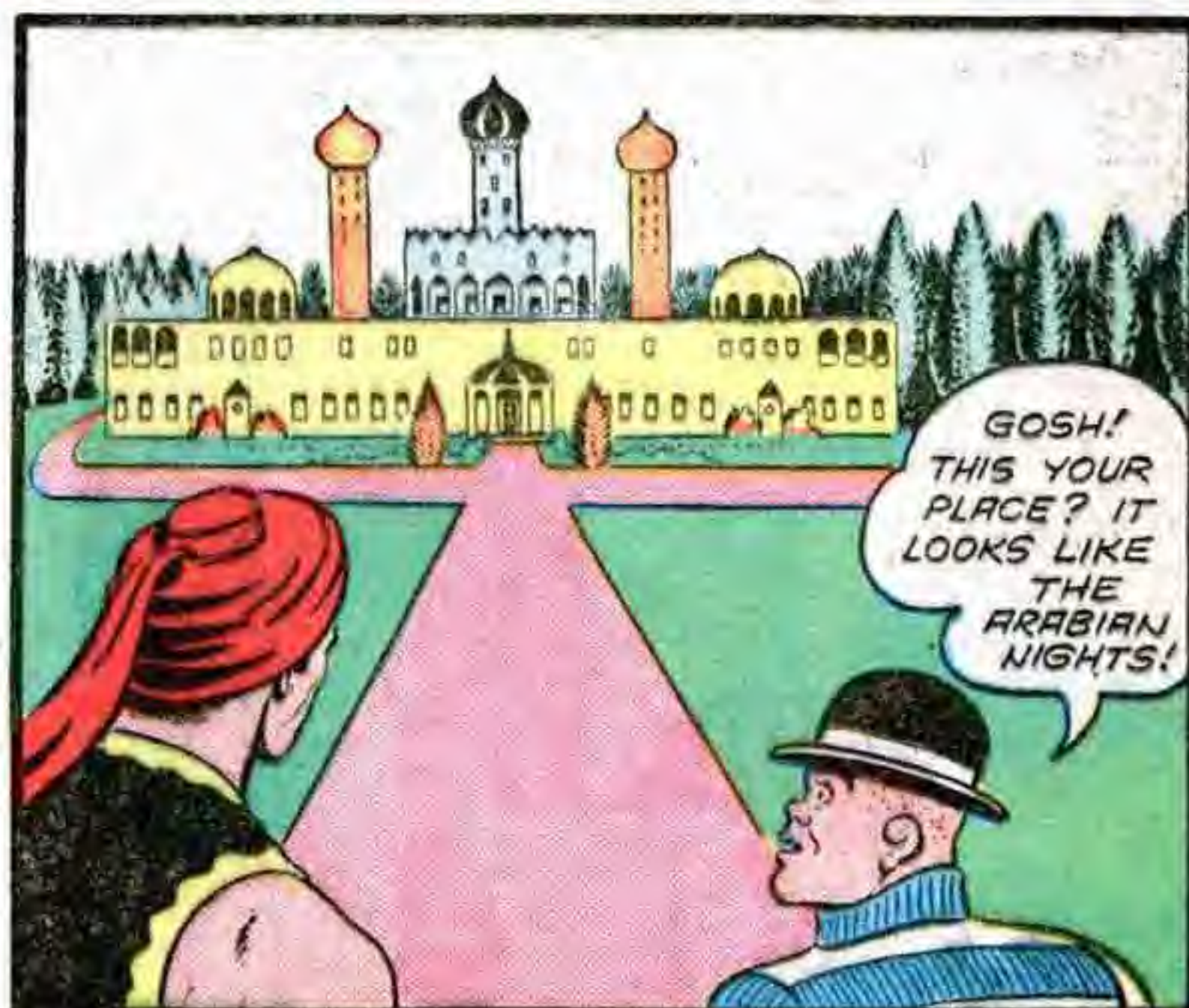
SUDDENLY RAJA PULLS UP SHARPLY.....



BUT AS RAJA'S BACK IS TURNED....



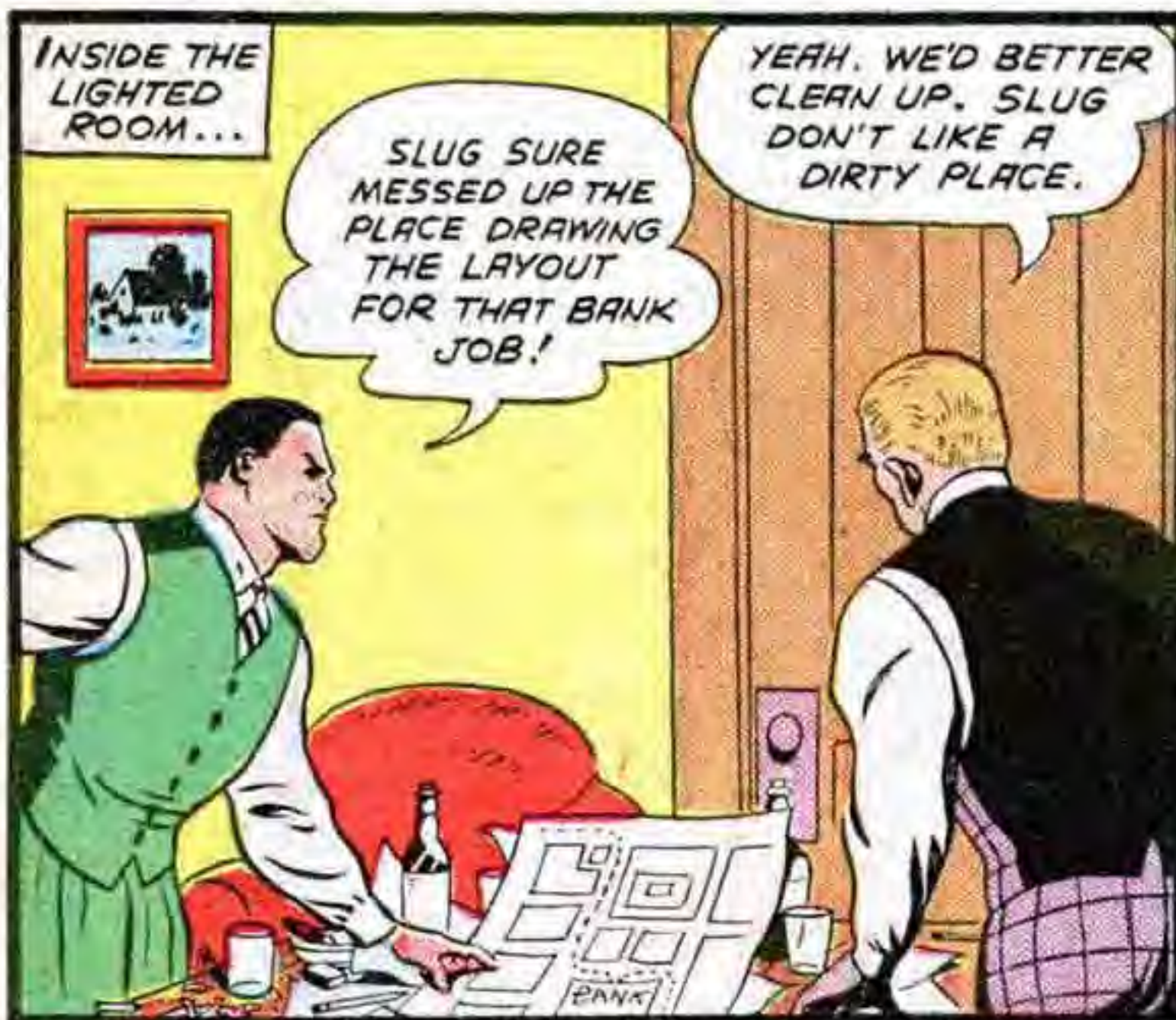
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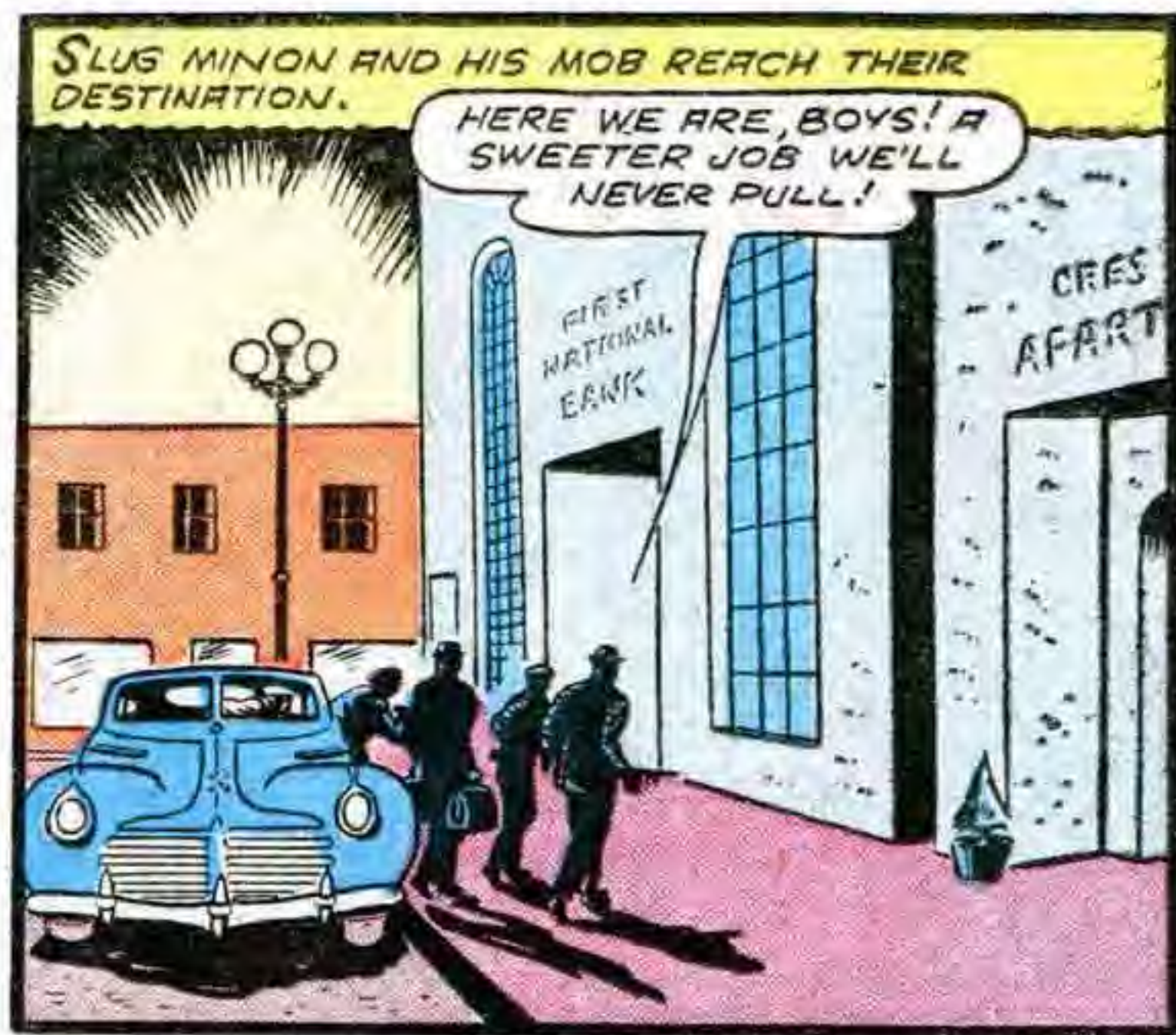
Up.... UP... FLIES THE SILKEN ROPE AND THE GRAPPLING HOOK ATTACHED TO IT FASTENS SECURELY ON THE ROOF...



AT THAT MOMENT A HIGH-POWERED CAR SPEEDS DOWN THE ROADWAY FROM SLUG MINON'S ESTATE...



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MINUTES LATER, RAJA ARRIVES.



ONCE MORE THE GRAPPLING HOOK FINDS ITS MARK... AND RAJA ASCENDS THE SILKEN ROPE LIKE AN AGILE APE!



The

SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN



OUT OF THE STRATOSPHERE, HUGE AIRSHIPS GLIDE, BRINGING A TERRIBLE THREAT TO THE WAR-TORN EARTH... AND TO MEET THIS THREAT, FLIES A GALLANT CHAMPION-- INCOMPARABLE SCIENTIST, UNCONQUERABLE ADVENTURER, HERO OF HEROES! ---- **THE SKYMAN!**

IN THE NATION'S CAPITOL... ALLAN TURNER AND FAWN CARROLL--

HERE'S THE WHITE HOUSE, ALLAN! WAIT FOR ME LIKE A GOOD BOY-- I'VE GOT TO ATTEND THIS PRESS CONFERENCE!

OKAY, FAWN, DON'T BE TOO LONG!



LUCKY THING I HAVE A PRESS CARD-- AS SKYMAN I'M INTERESTED IN THAT CONFERENCE MYSELF! JUST HAVE TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO LET FAWN SEE ME!



IN THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE...

THESE MARTIANS, AS THEY CALL THEMSELVES, SAY THEY WILL DESTROY UNION STATION IF WE DON'T AGREE TO DISCUSS TREATY TERMS BY 10 O'CLOCK. NATURALLY, WE HAVE REFUSED---AND IT IS NEARLY TEN!



TEN-O'CLOCK! AND THE GREAT RAILROAD TERMINAL OF WASHINGTON!



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THAT EXPLOSION SHOOK THE WHITE HOUSE!
THOSE BABIES MEAN BUSINESS!

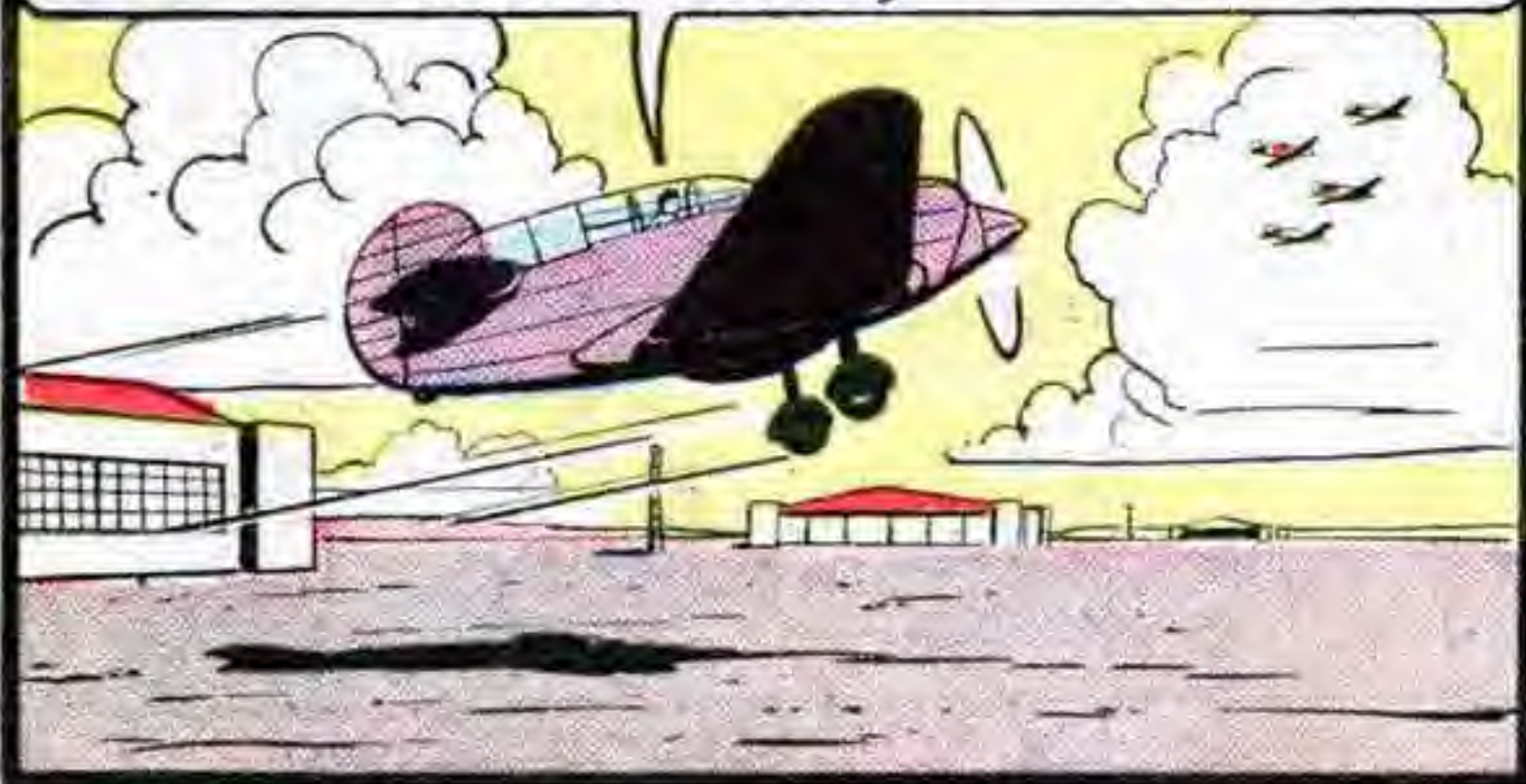


ALLAN DRIVES SWIFTLY TO THE AIRPORT.

GOOD THING MY PRIVATE PLANE IS HANDY.
NO TIME TO GET THE "WING"!



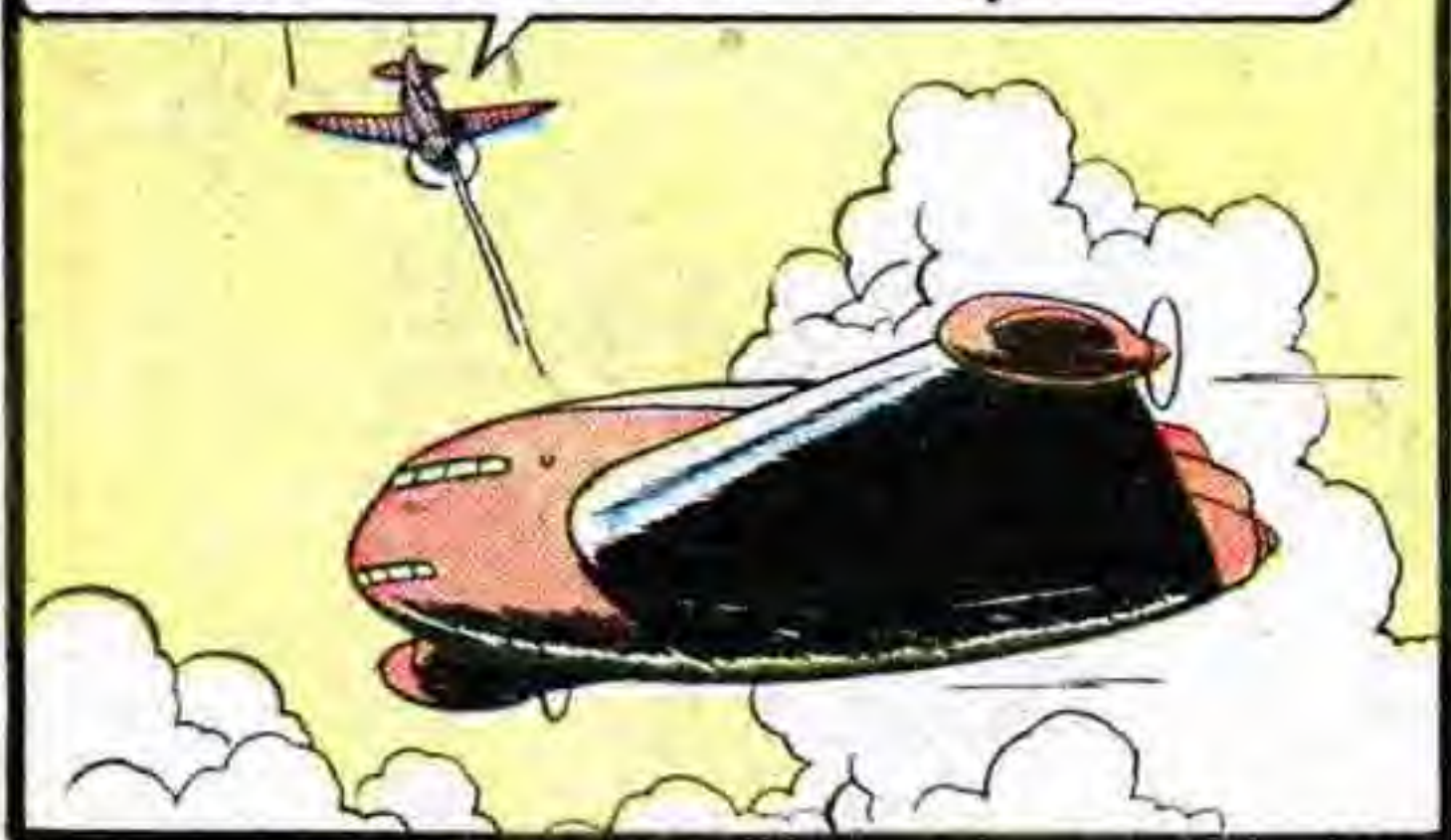
THERE GO THE ARMY PLANES! MAYBE THEY
WON'T NEED ME, BUT I'LL GO ALONG,
JUST IN CASE!



ROCKET SHIPS! LOOKS BAD! I'LL
HAVE TO TRY MY NEW DYNAMITE-GUN!



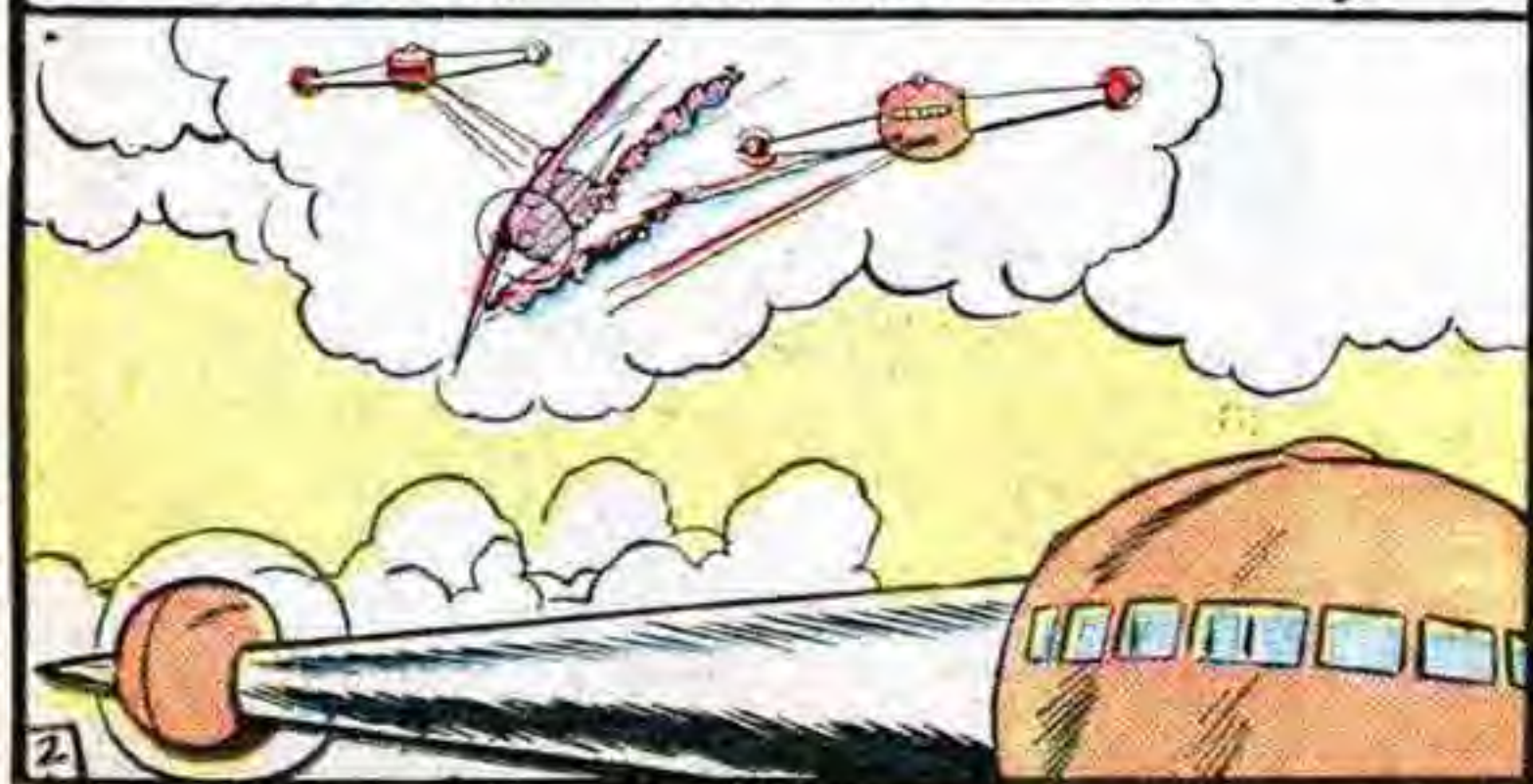
RAPID-FIRE DYNAMITE SHELLS! LET'S
SEE HOW THEY LIKE THEM!



BULLS-EYE!



WARILY WATCHING THE SECOND ROCKET-
SHIP, ALLAN FAILS TO NOTICE NEW
ARRIVALS FROM THE CLOUDS...!



AND ME WITHOUT
A PARACHUTE!



BIG SHOT COMICS

LUCKY I FELL IN THE POTOMAC! NOW TO GET THE WING AND SHOW THOSE ROCKET BABIES A THING OR TWO!



MEANWHILE THE PRESIDENT, IMPRESSED BY THE DEADLY POWER OF THE BLUE RAY MAKES HIS DECISION...

TELL THEM WE'LL PARLEY UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE!



IF THEY ARE FROM MARS THEY MUST USE ROCKET POWER, BUT RIGHT NOW THEY'RE RUNNING ON MOTORS.

PROBABLY CAN'T CONTROL THE ROCKET POWER IN SHORT RANGE FLYING.



THE MONARCH OF MARS INTENDS TO TAKE OVER EARTH--PEACEFULLY IF POSSIBLE. HE THEREFORE COMMANDS THAT YOU DESTROY ALL YOUR WEAPONS, AIRPLANES, BATTLESHIPS, TANKS AND GUNS--AND SUBMIT QUIETLY TO THE OCCUPATION!



ULTIMATUM!

REFUSE TO COMPLY, AND WE WILL WIPE OUT WASHINGTON AND ALL KEY CITIES--WITH THE DISINTEGRATOR! YOU HAVE TWELVE HOURS TO DECIDE!



AFTER THE ROCKET MEN LEAVE--

IT MIGHT BE A TRICK OF EUROPEAN OR ASIATIC POWERS. BUT SOME ELECTRICAL DISTURBANCE HAS INTERRUPTED ALL TRANS-OCEANIC RADIO AND TELEPHONE LINES--SO THERE'S NO WAY OF TELLING! WHAT CAN BE DONE?



AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR!

SKYMAN!!



BIG SHOT COMICS

I'LL FLY THE "WING" TO EUROPE AND ASIA, GET THE LOW-DOWN, AND BE BACK BEFORE THE ULTIMATUM PERIOD EXPIRES!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

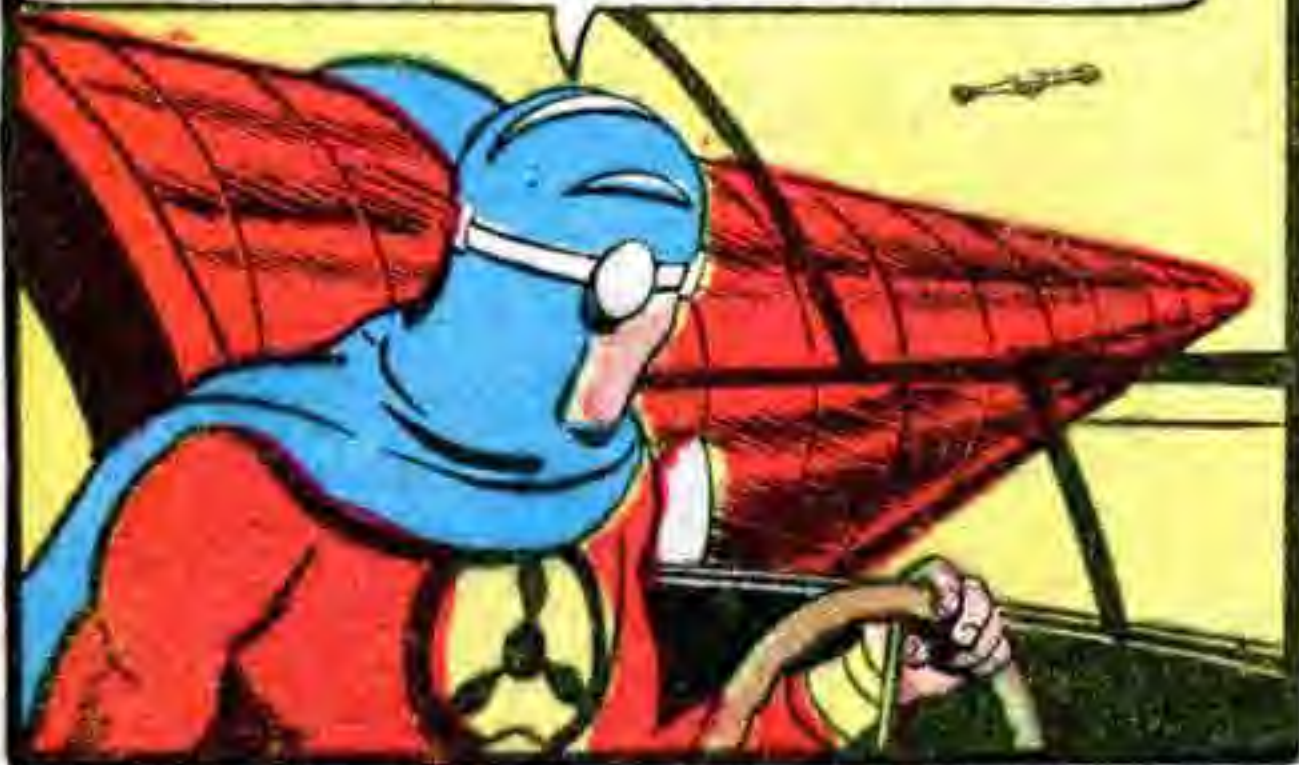
THAT MUST BE THE FAMOUS SKYMAN!

AND UP TO NO GOOD I THINK. WE'LL FOLLOW!



FAR OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC

FOLLOWING ME! WELL I'LL GIVE THEM A RUN FOR IT!



SUDDENLY!

WHAT THE-? THE MOTORS HAVE STOPPED! I KNOW, I MUST HAVE REACHED THE "WALL" OF COSMIC RAYS THAT HAVE INTERRUPTED RADIO COMMUNICATIONS. THE COSMIC RAYS CUT OFF ALL ELECTRICITY!



I'LL TRY MY LATEST GADGET - THE AUXILIARY ROCKET. NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED TO LOWER THE TUBE AND CHEMICALS FURNISH THE ROCKET-POWER!



YIPPEEE!



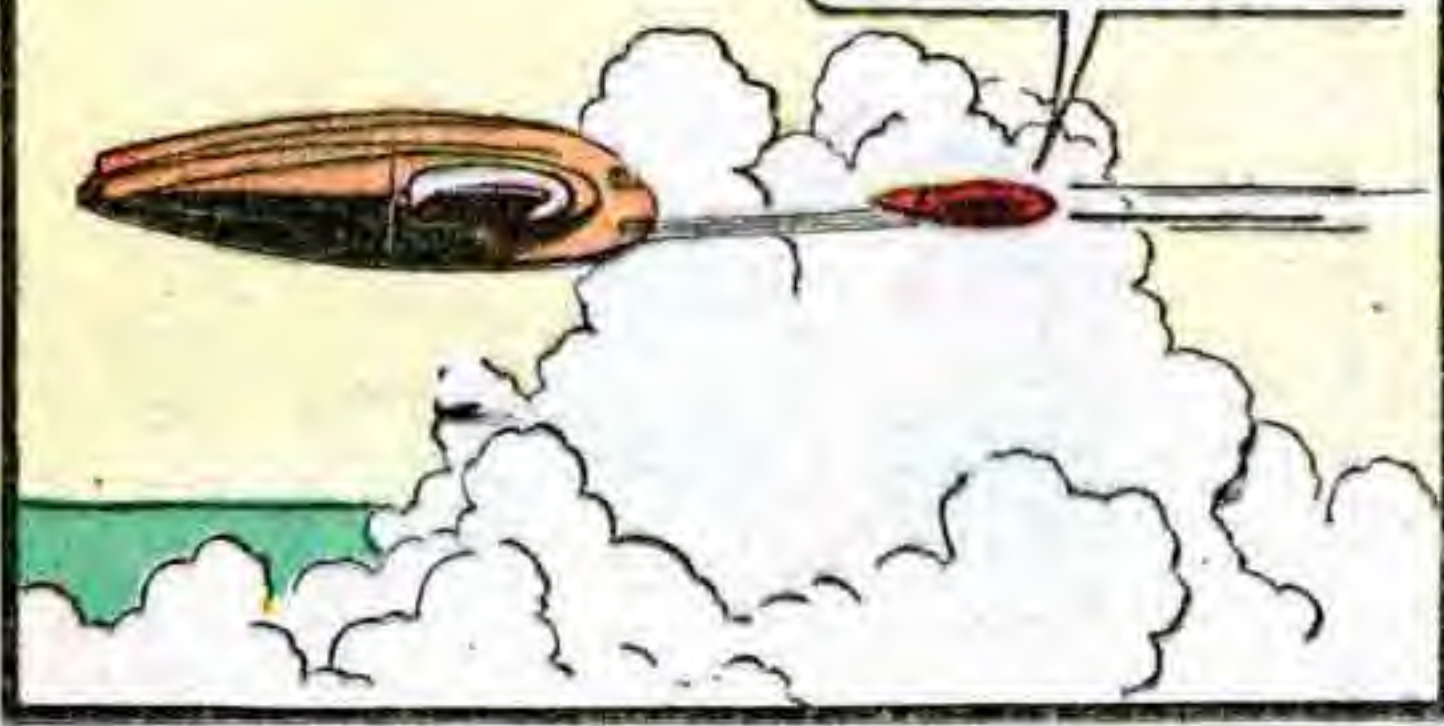
BUT SKYMAN'S EXULTATION IS PREMATURE!



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THE "WING" IS DRAWN BACKWARDS AS THOUGH PULLED BY AN INVISIBLE GIANTS HAND ...!

ULTRA-MAGNETIC RAYS!



THEY DIDN'T USE THE DISINTEGRATOR RAY, SO THEY MUST WANT ME ALIVE! O'KAY! I WANT TO BOARD THAT ROCKET!



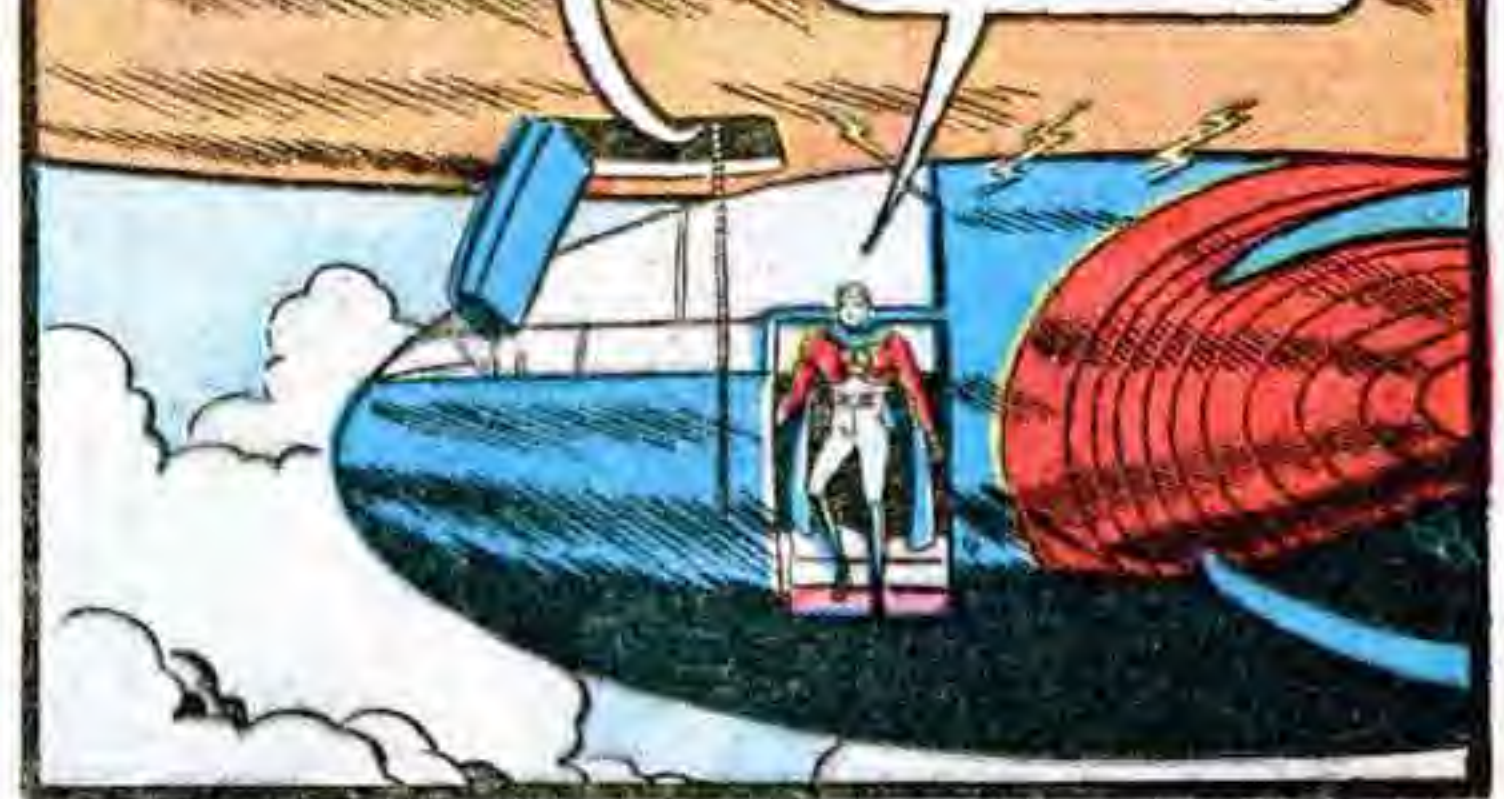
THE MASTER WANTS SKYMAN ALIVE, IF POSSIBLE. A VERY BRILLIANT SCIENTIST-WITH SOME SECRET INVENTIONS WE CAN USE.

ALIVE IF POSSIBLE! IF NOT -- WELL ...!



COME ABOARD, SKYMAN!

... SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY!



ON BOARD THE ROCKET SHIP—

YOU WERE FLYING TO ENGLAND, I BELIEVE. FOR WHAT PURPOSE?



TO ENGLAND, GERMANY, RUSSIA, SCARFACE! TO SEE IF YOUR ROCKETS HAVE CALLED THERE TOO—!

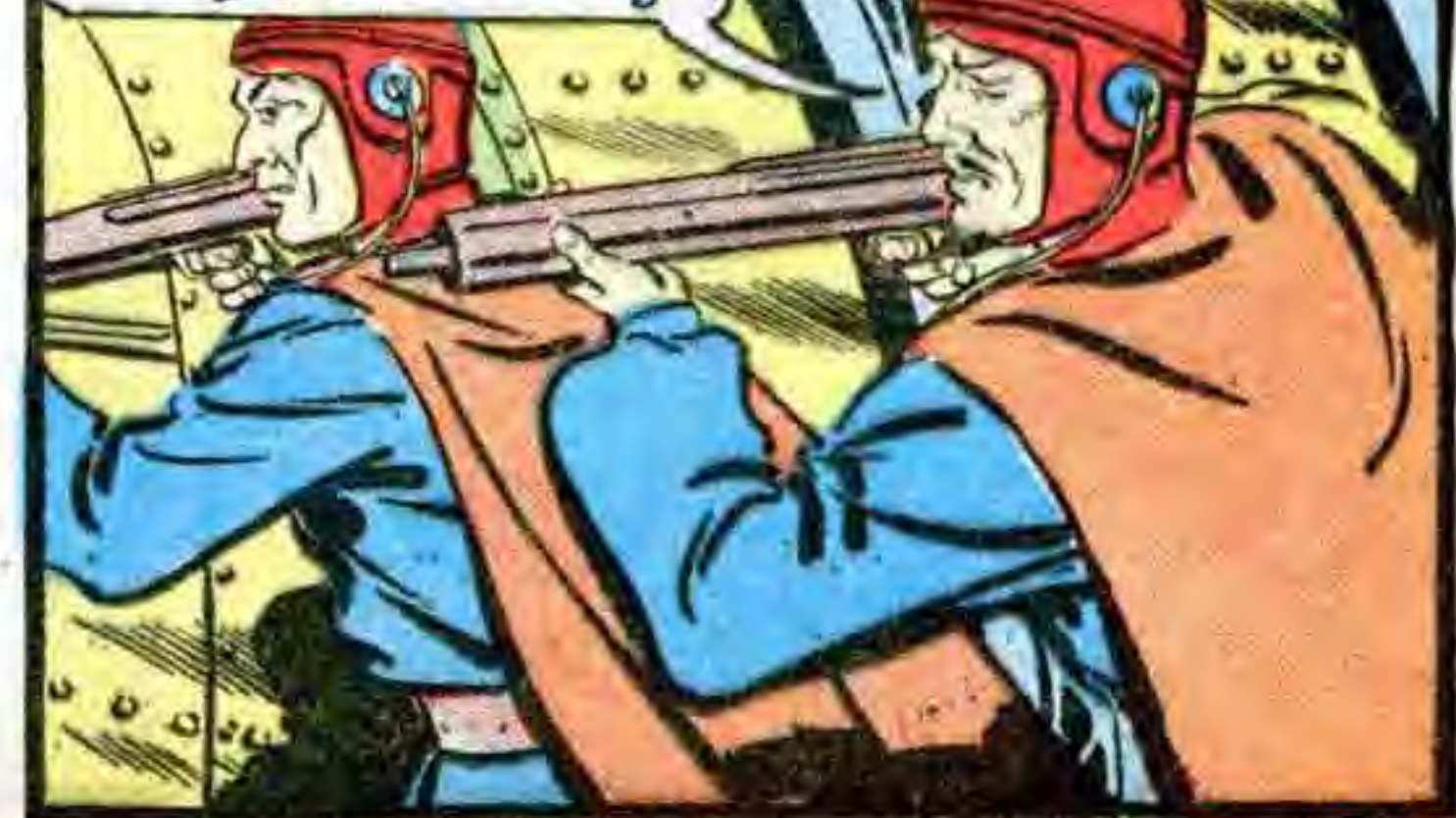
ARE YOU SURE YOU DO NOT GO TO FORM AN ALLIANCE AGAINST US?



I'LL FORM AN ALLIANCE RIGHT NOW, ME, MYSELF, AND I !!!



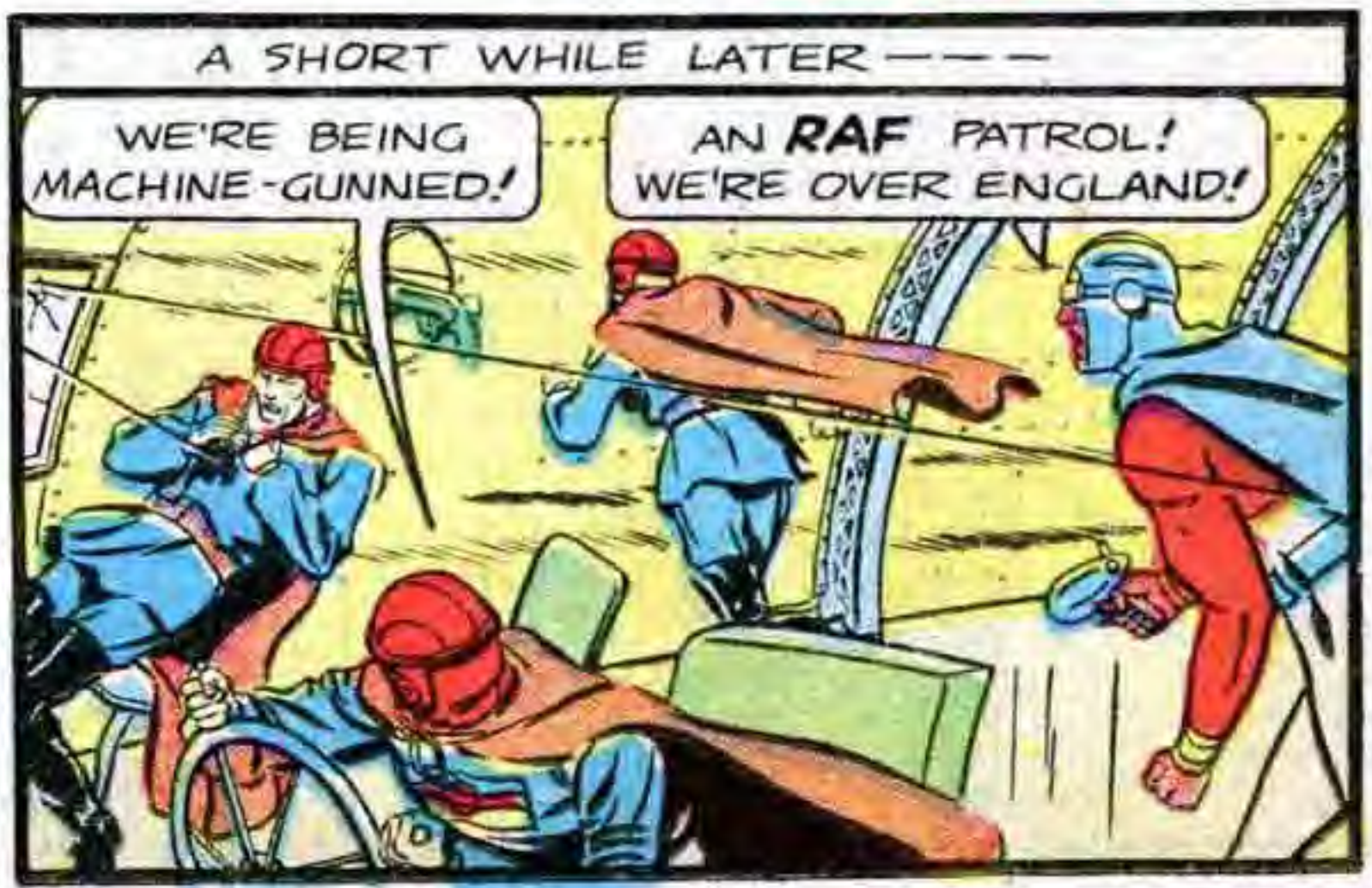
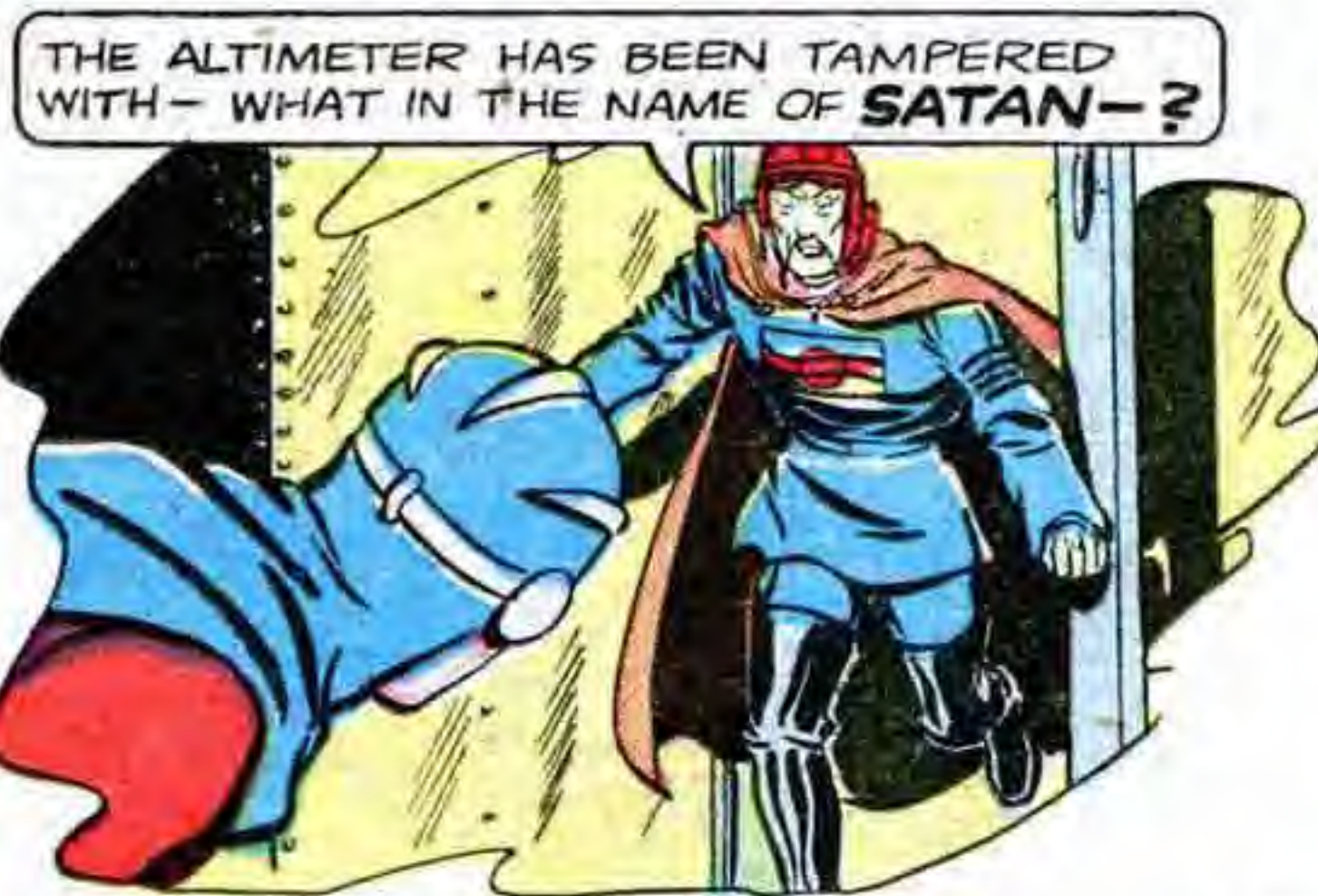
NOW, WE KILL HIM!



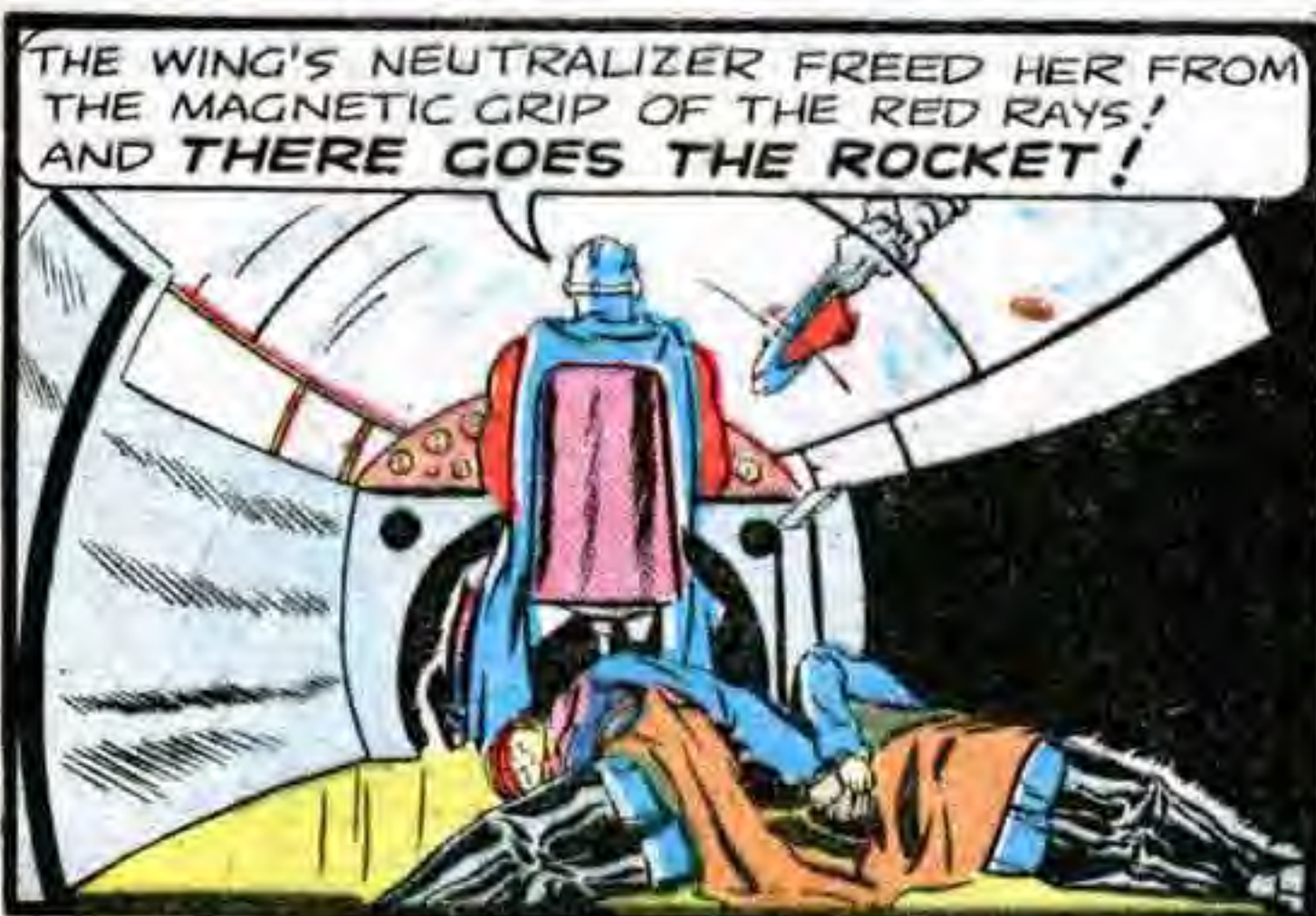
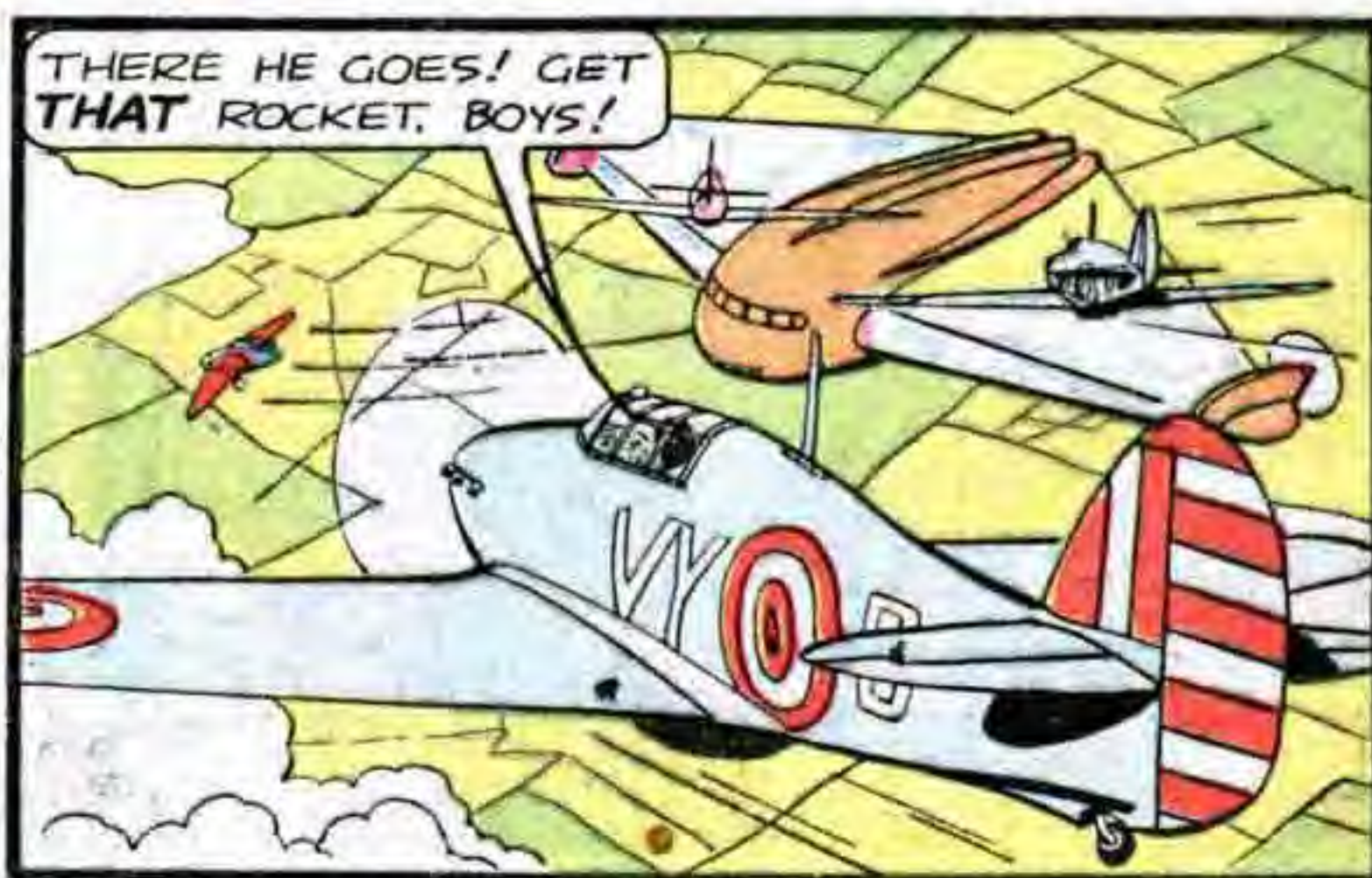
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BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



AT AN RAF BASE ON THE COAST OF ENGLAND, SKYMAN PHONES THE PRIME MINISTER IN LONDON ---

THEY'VE CALLED ON YOU TOO, HEY? WELL -- READY TO STOP THE WAR, AND FIGHT THESE MARTIAN RAIDERS?



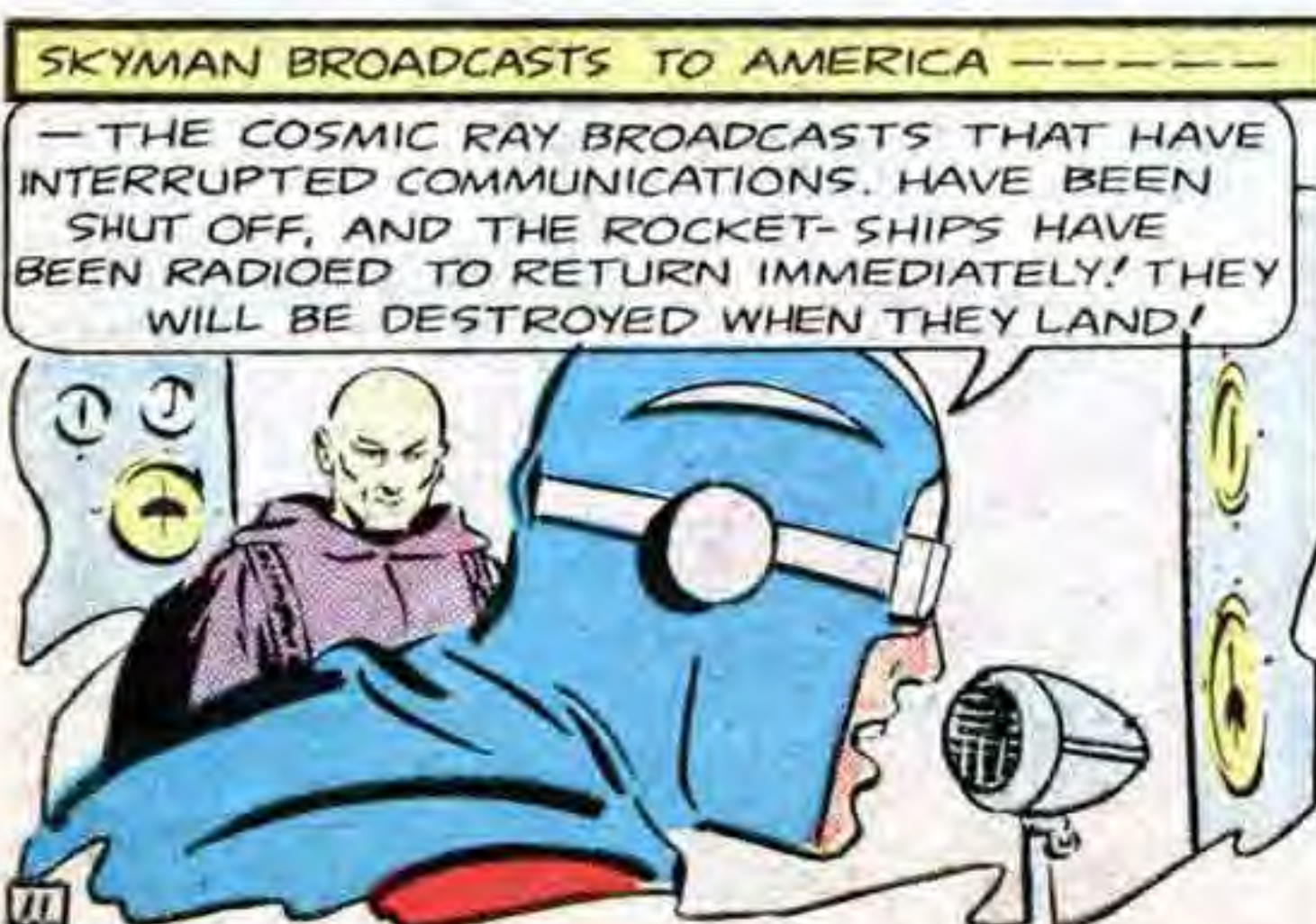
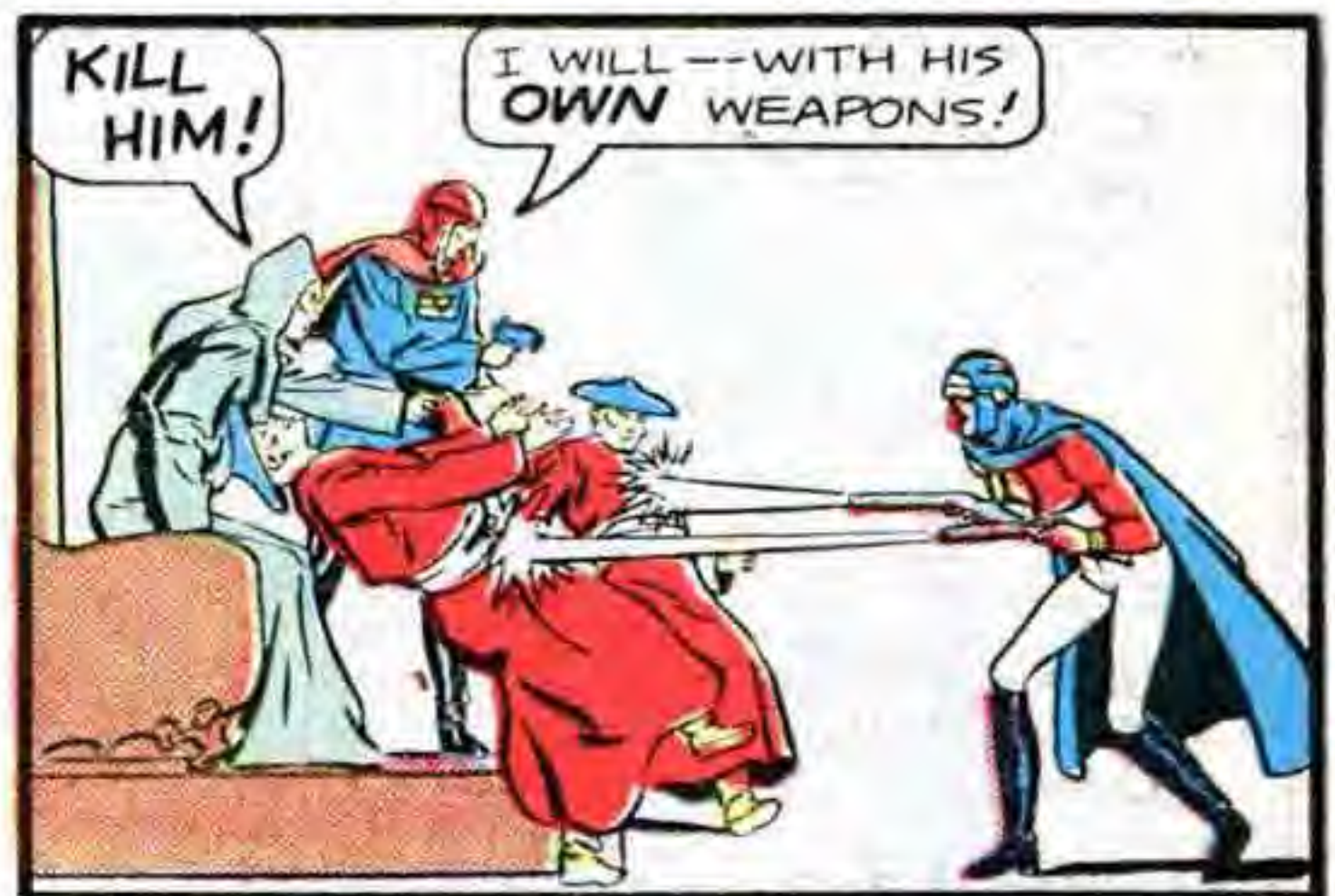
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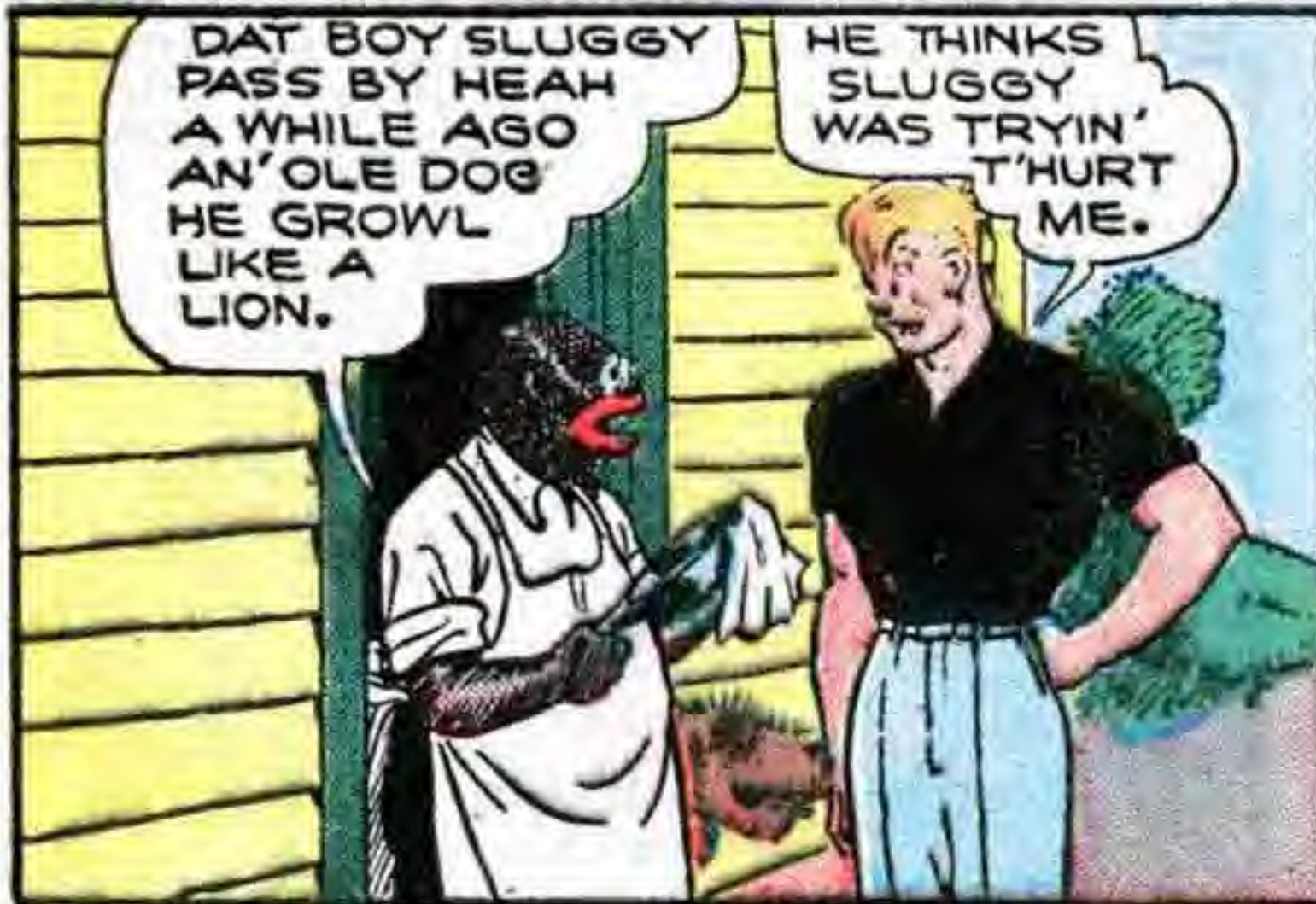


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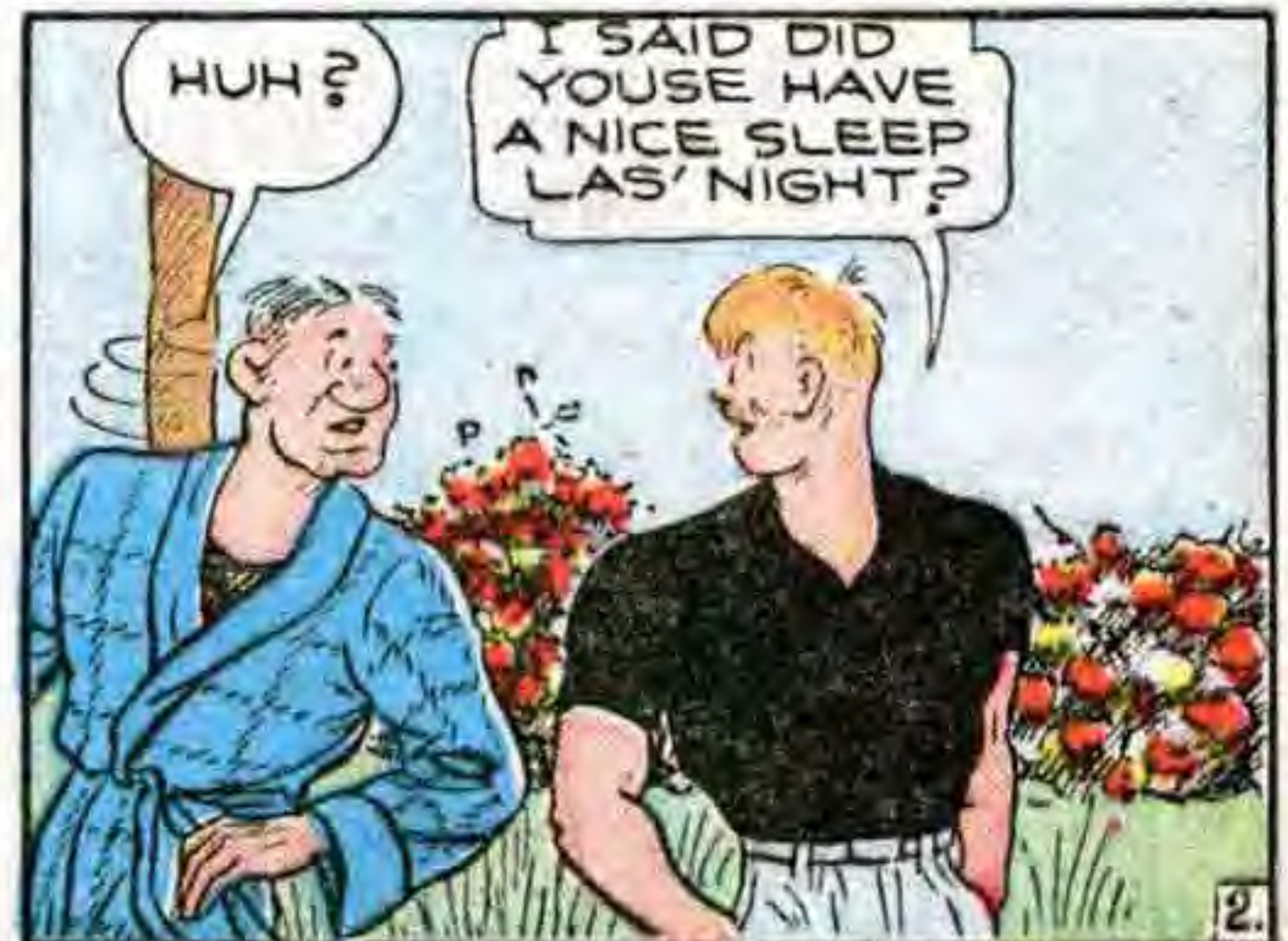
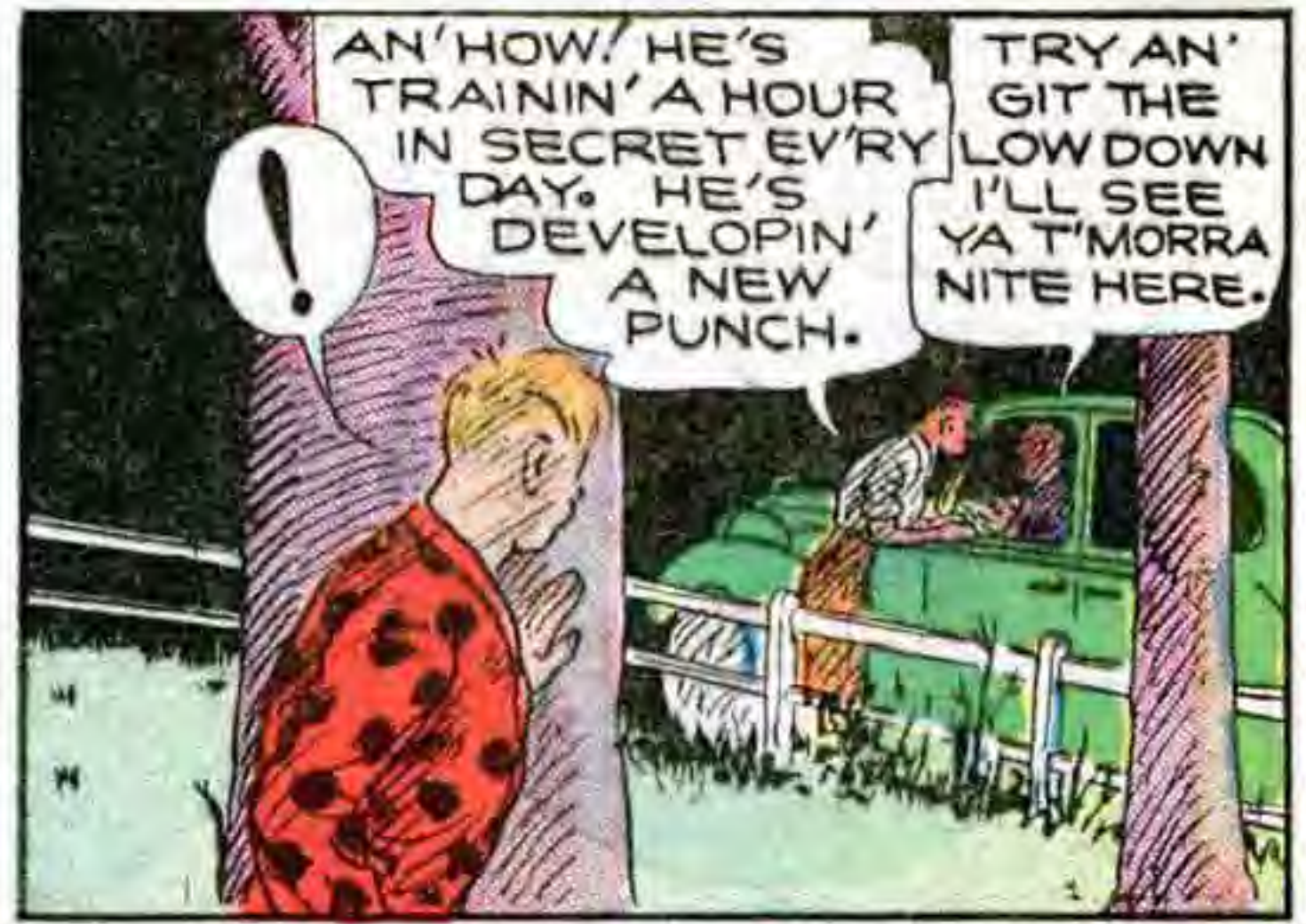


JOE'S DOG IS SUSPICIOUS OF SLUGGY, WHO HAS BEEN PLANTED IN PALOOKAS CAMP TO GET INFORMATION FOR "PHANTOM DILL," WHO IS TO FITE JOE....

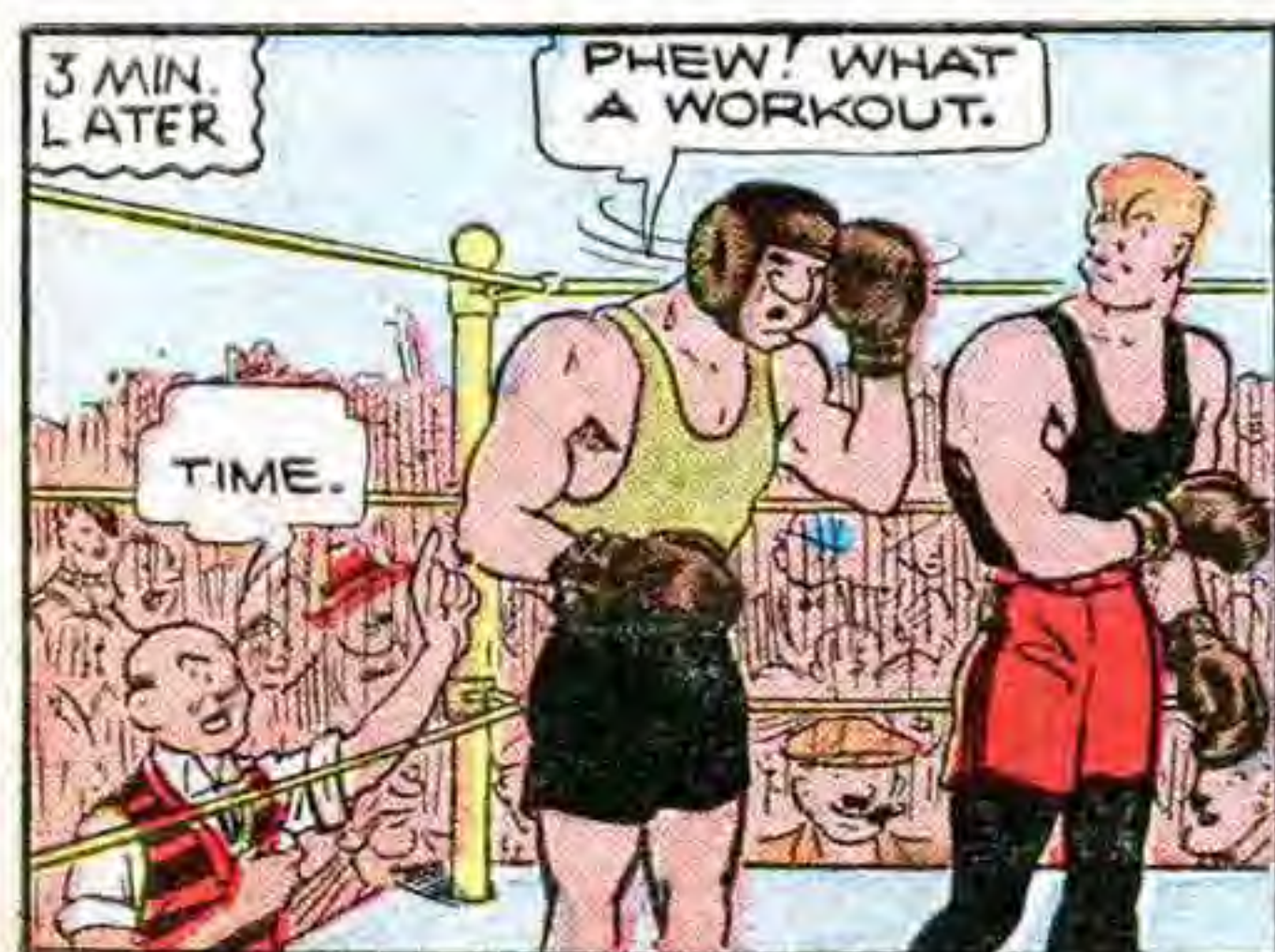
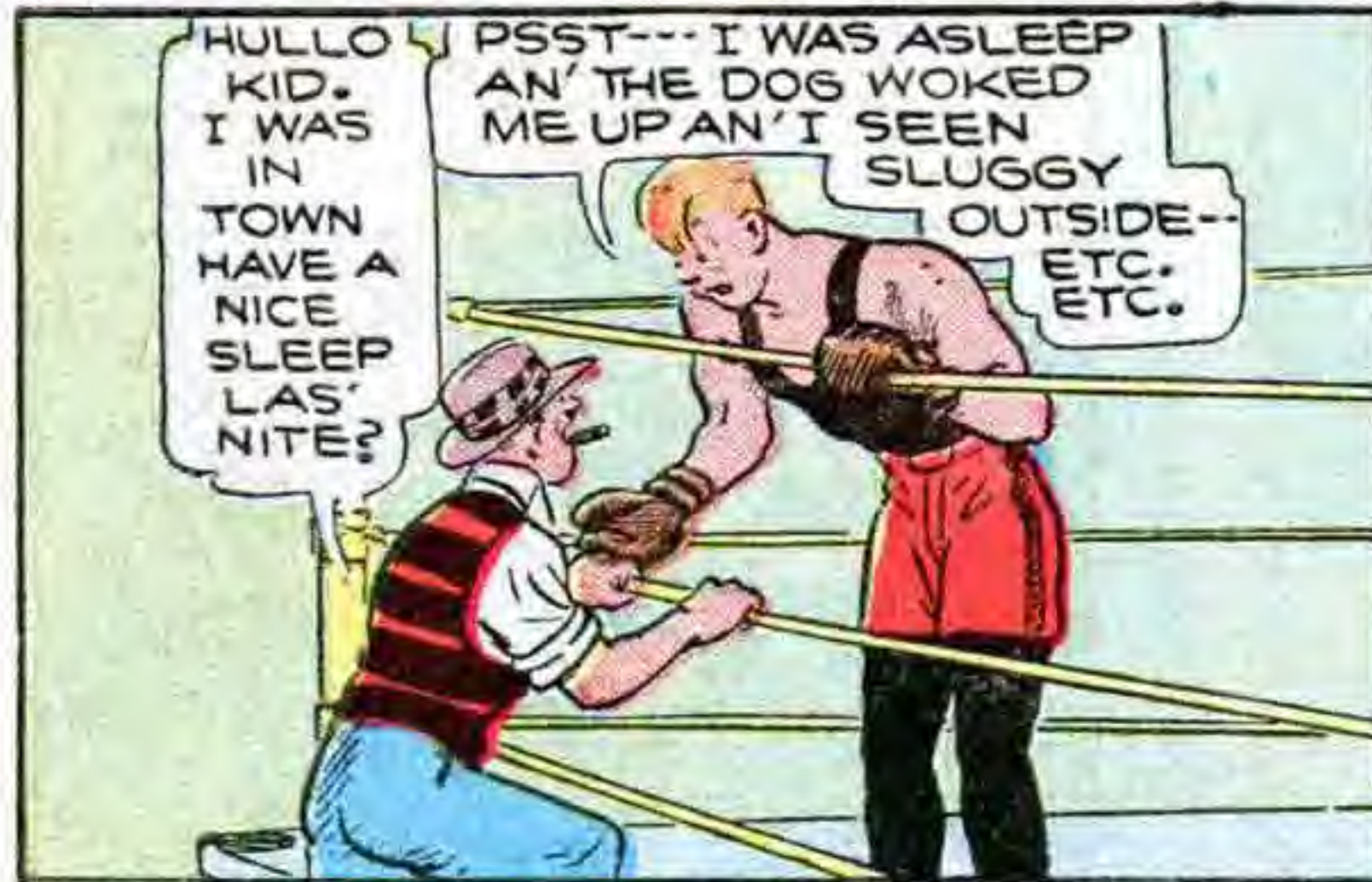
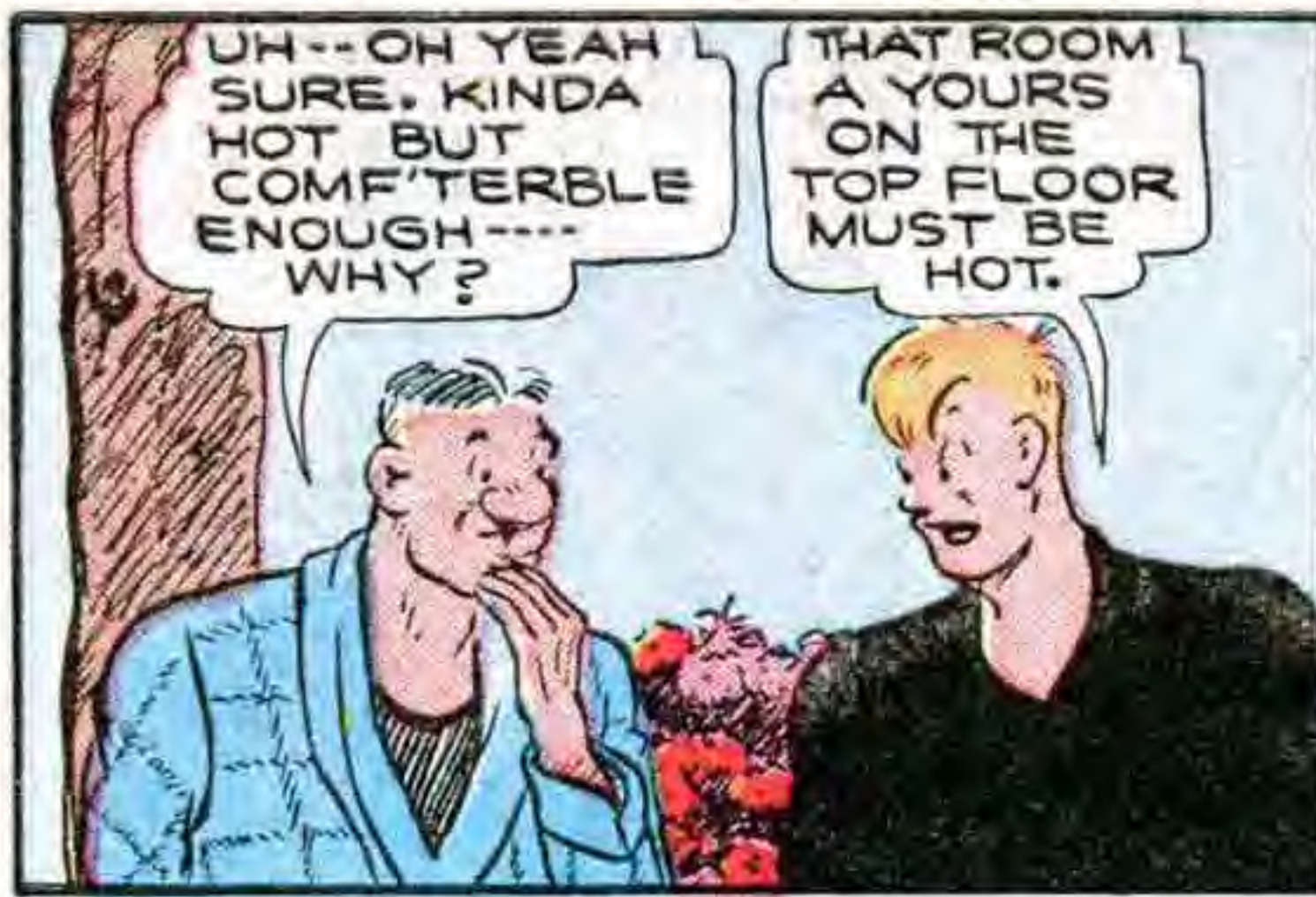
JOE PALOOKA



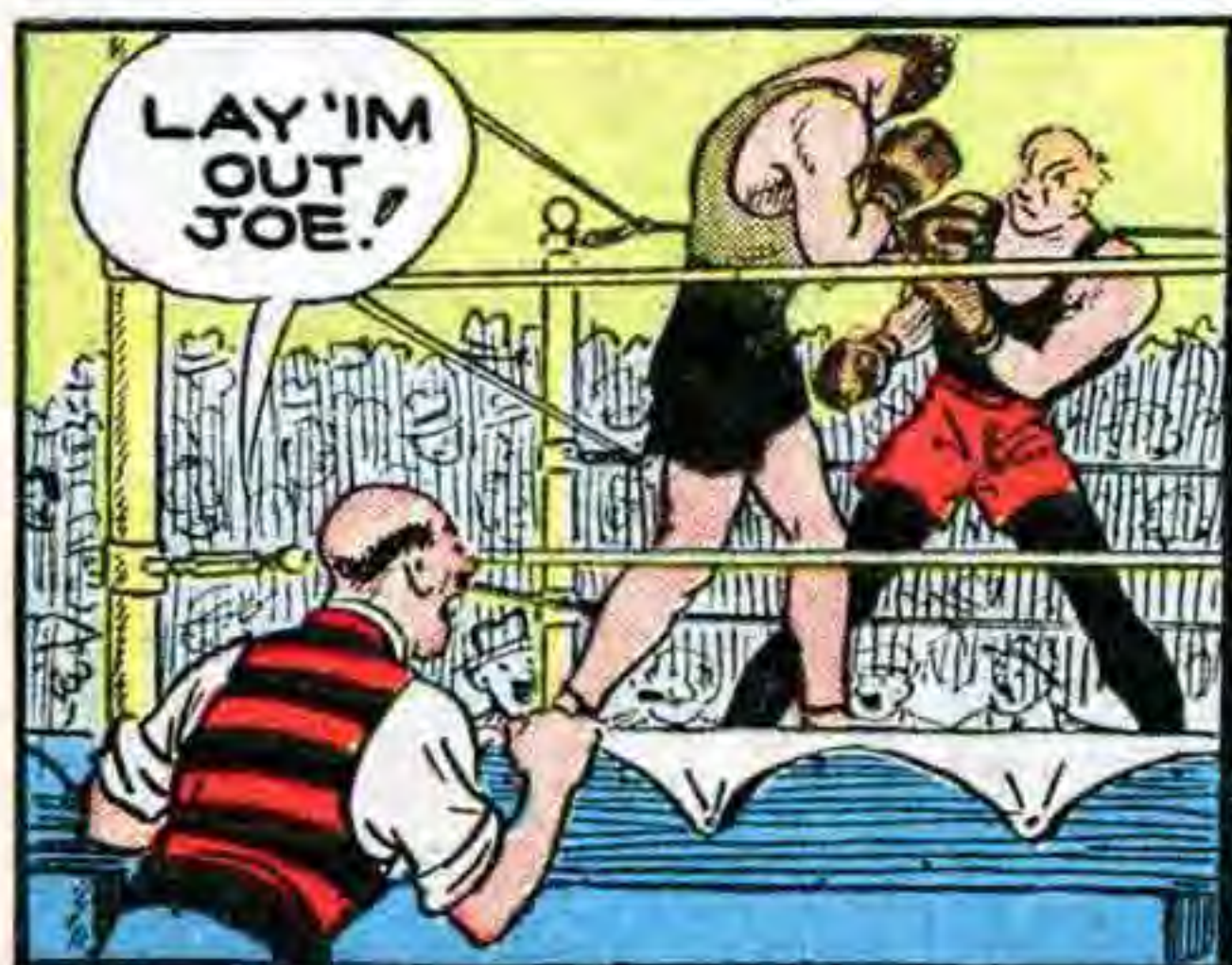
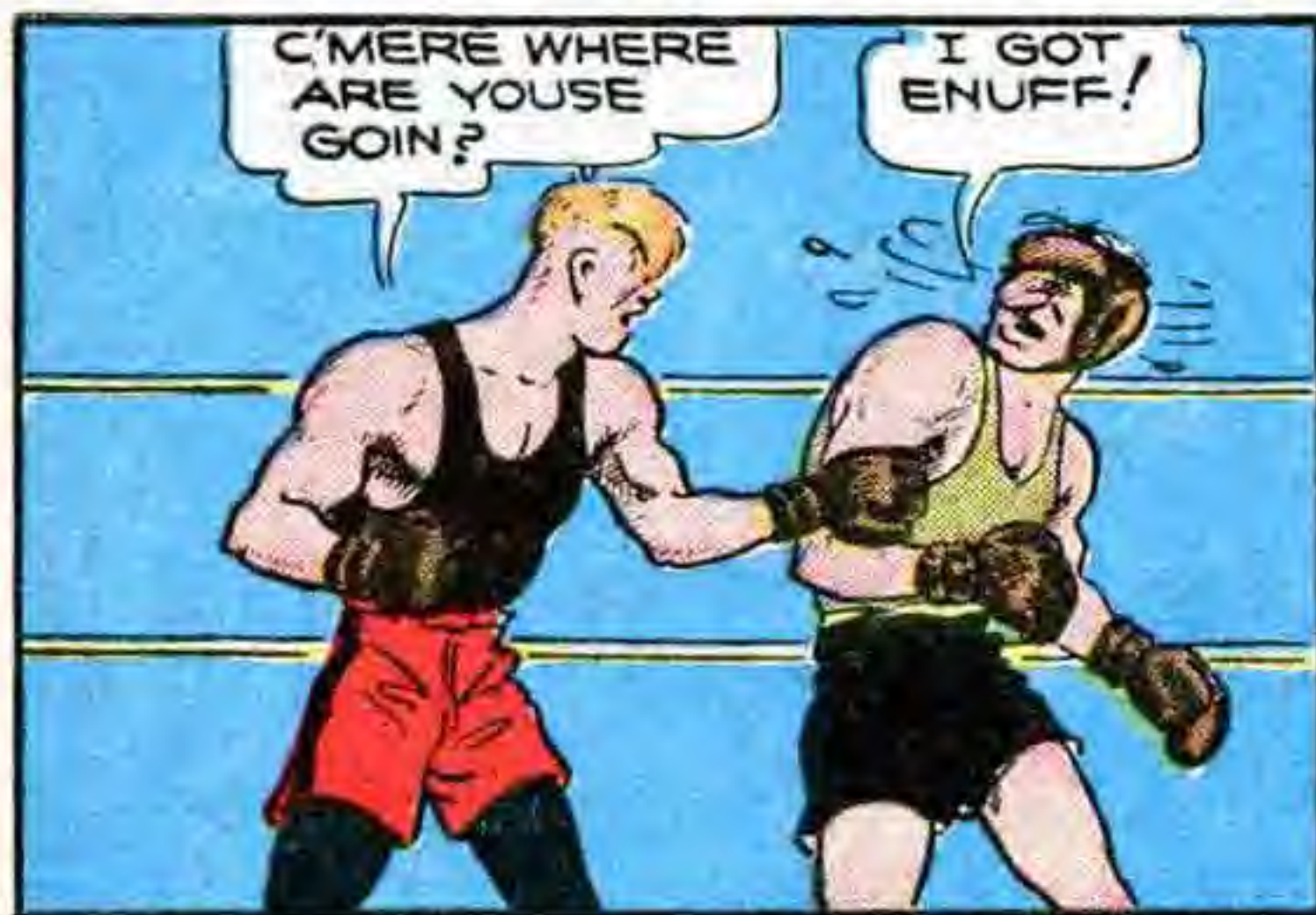
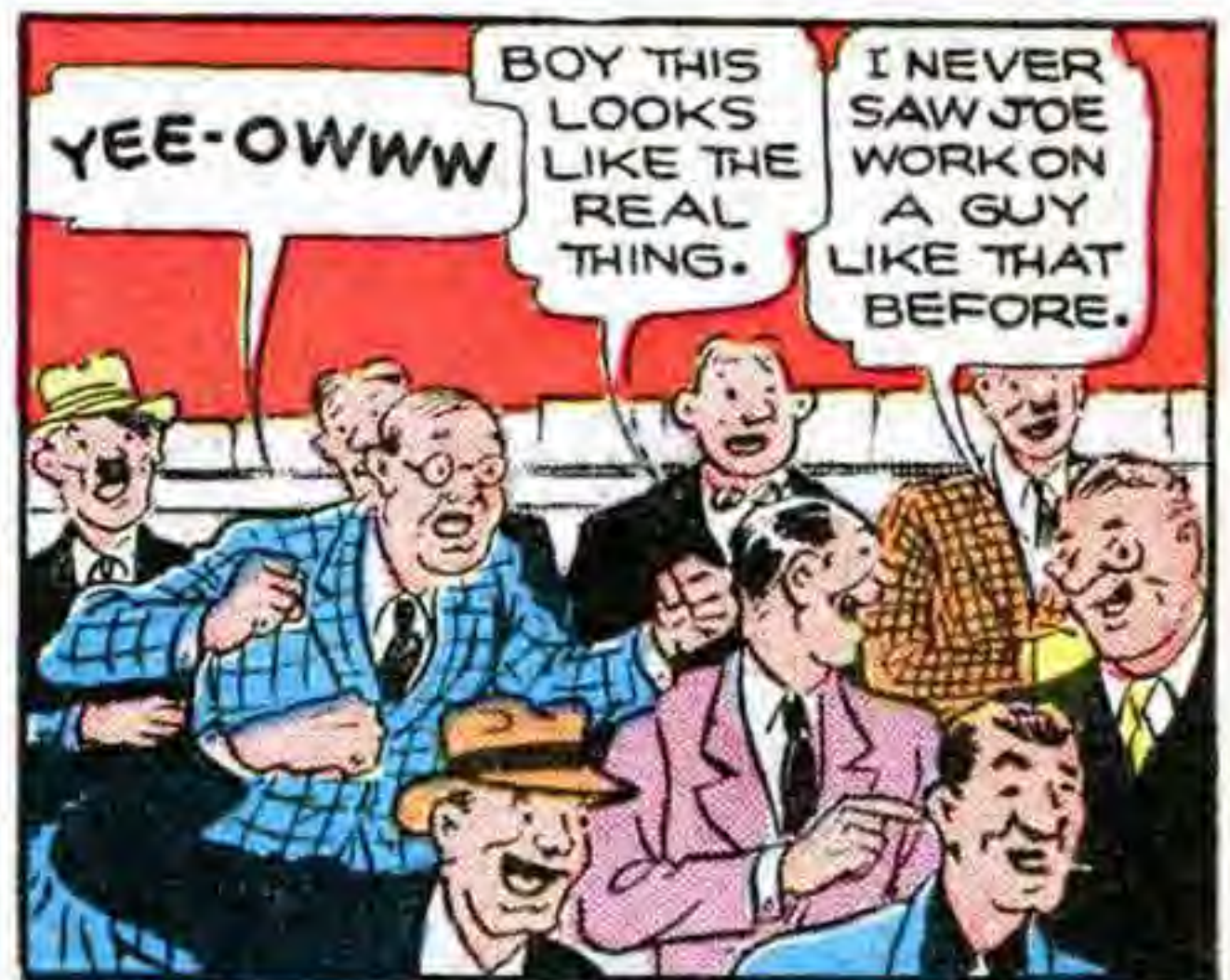
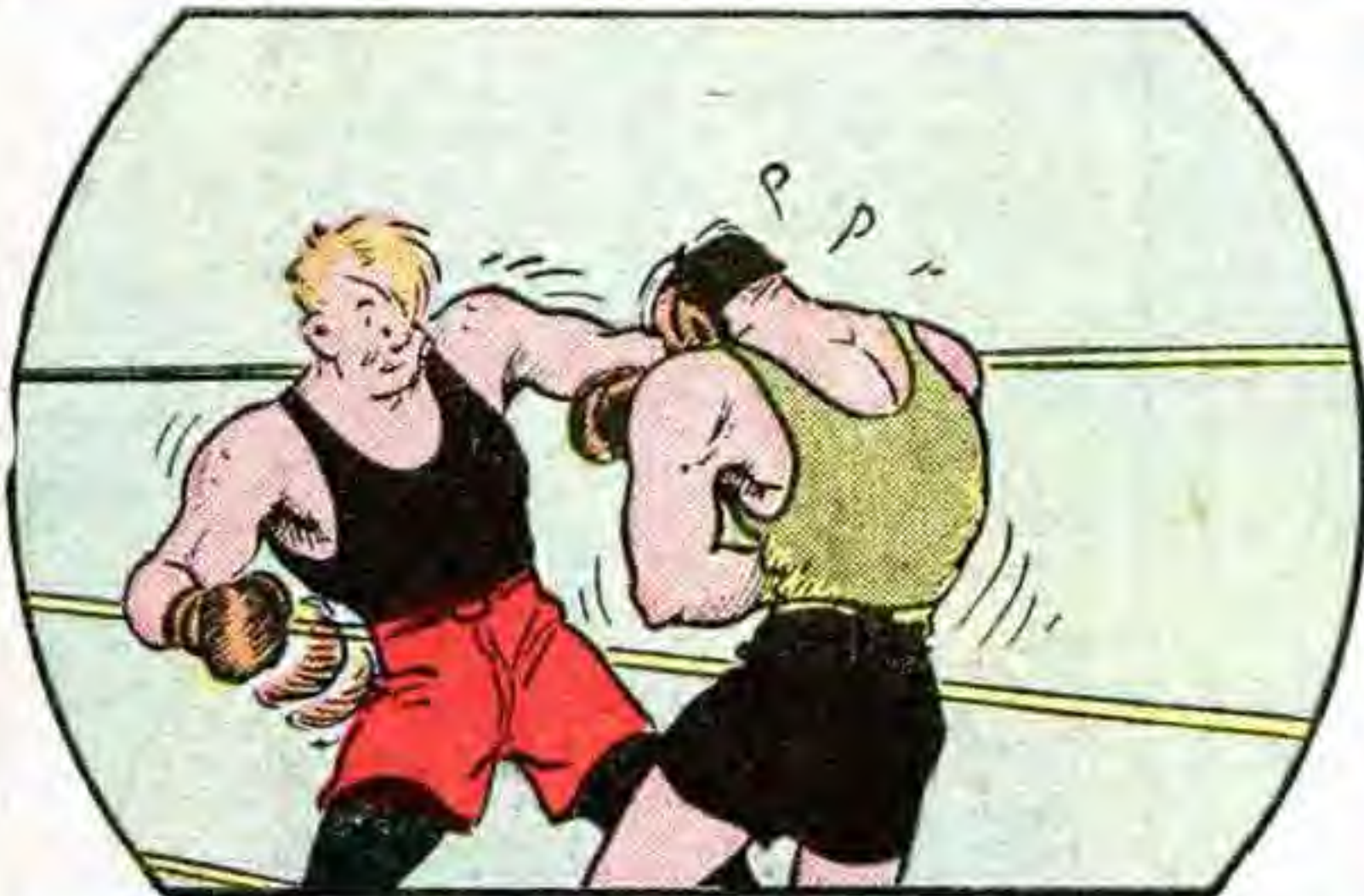
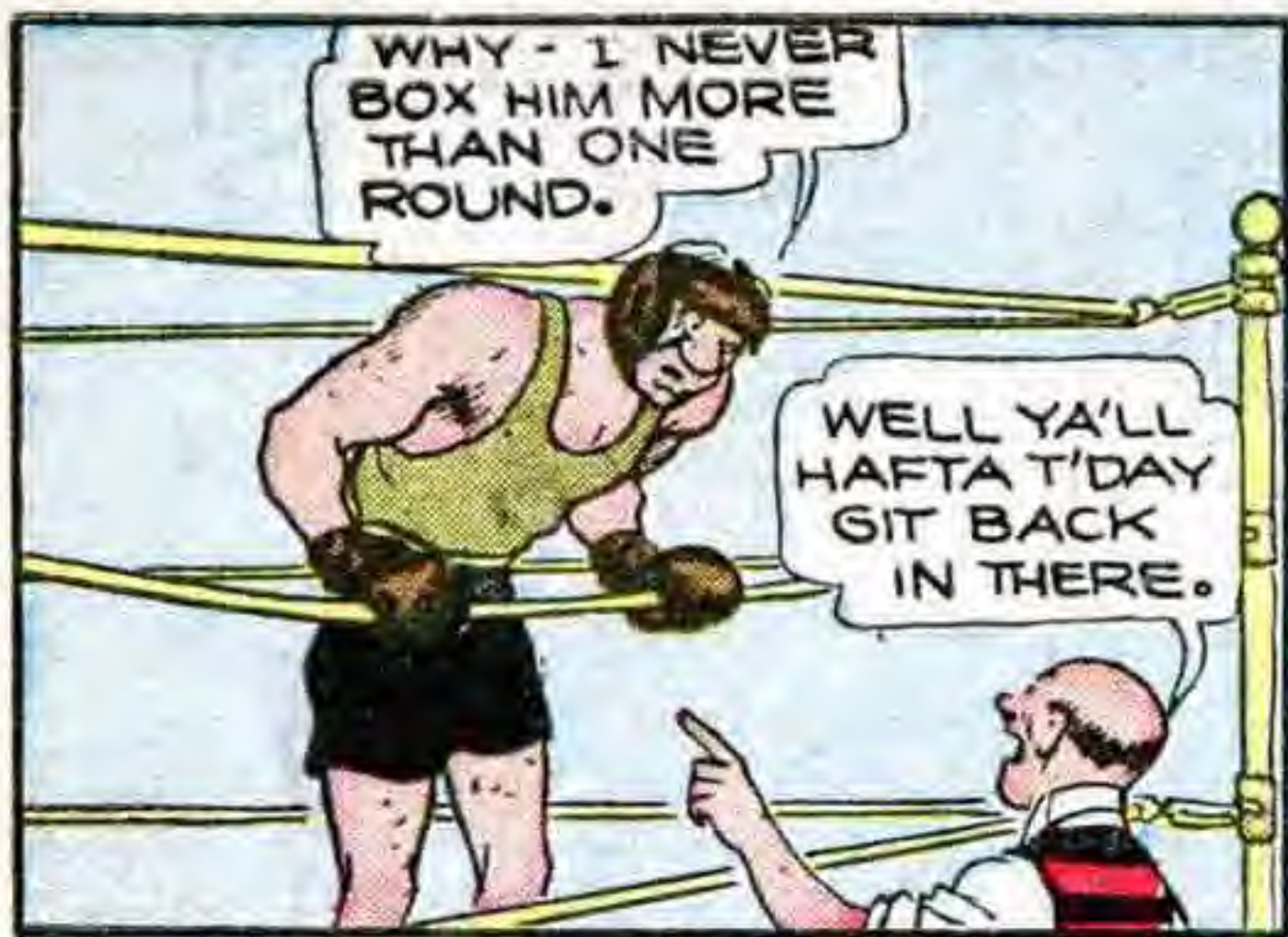
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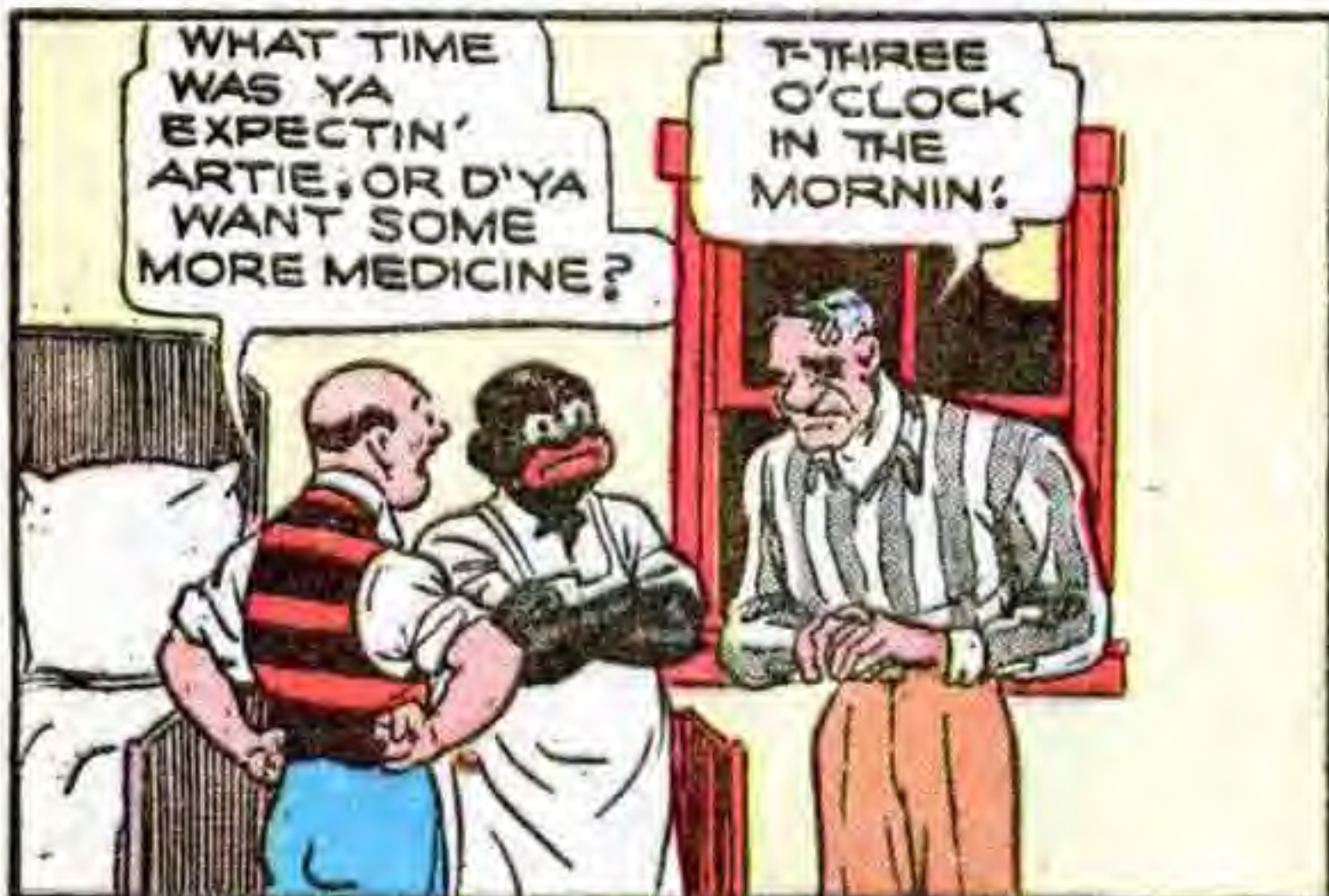
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JOE PALOOKA appears only in **BIG SHOT COMICS**

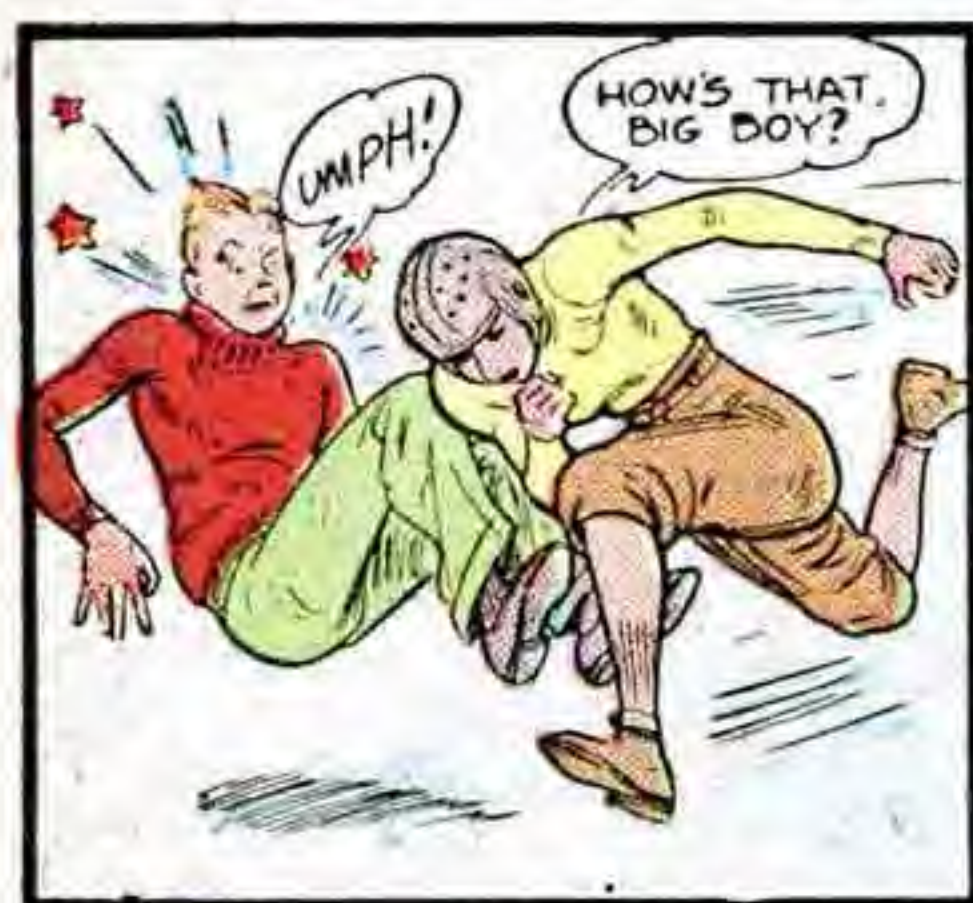
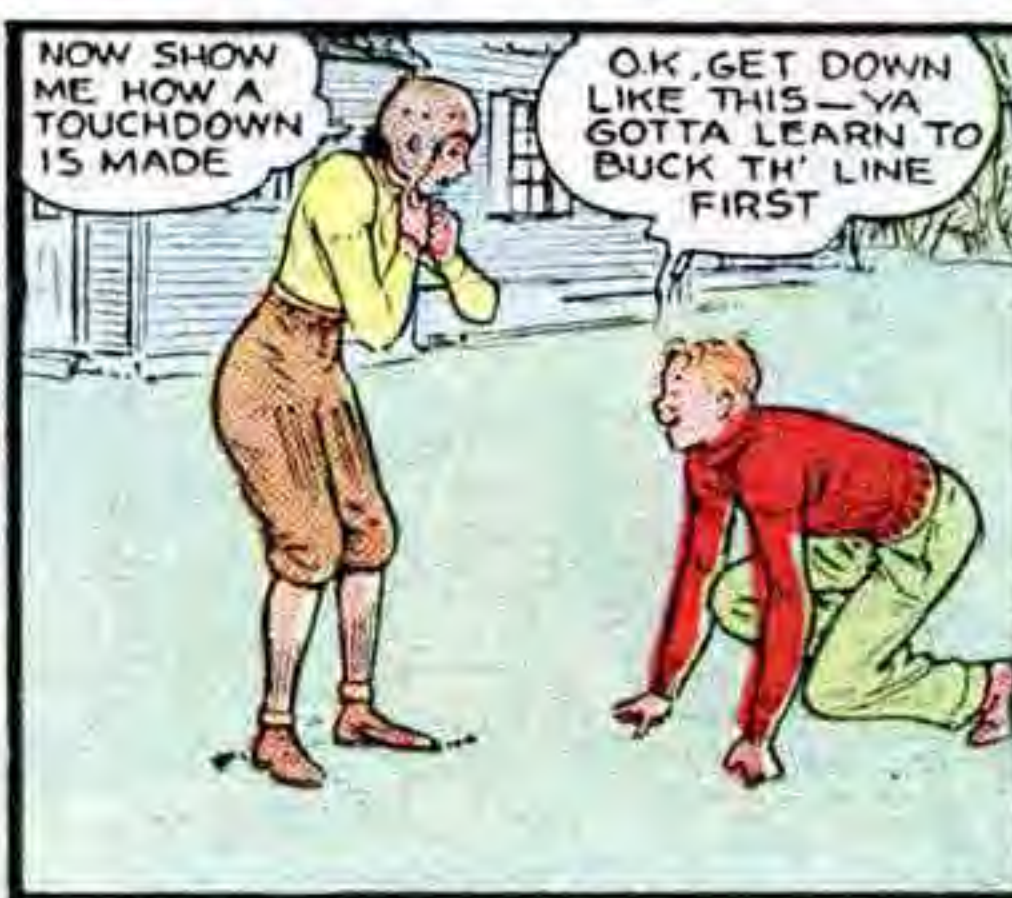
DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



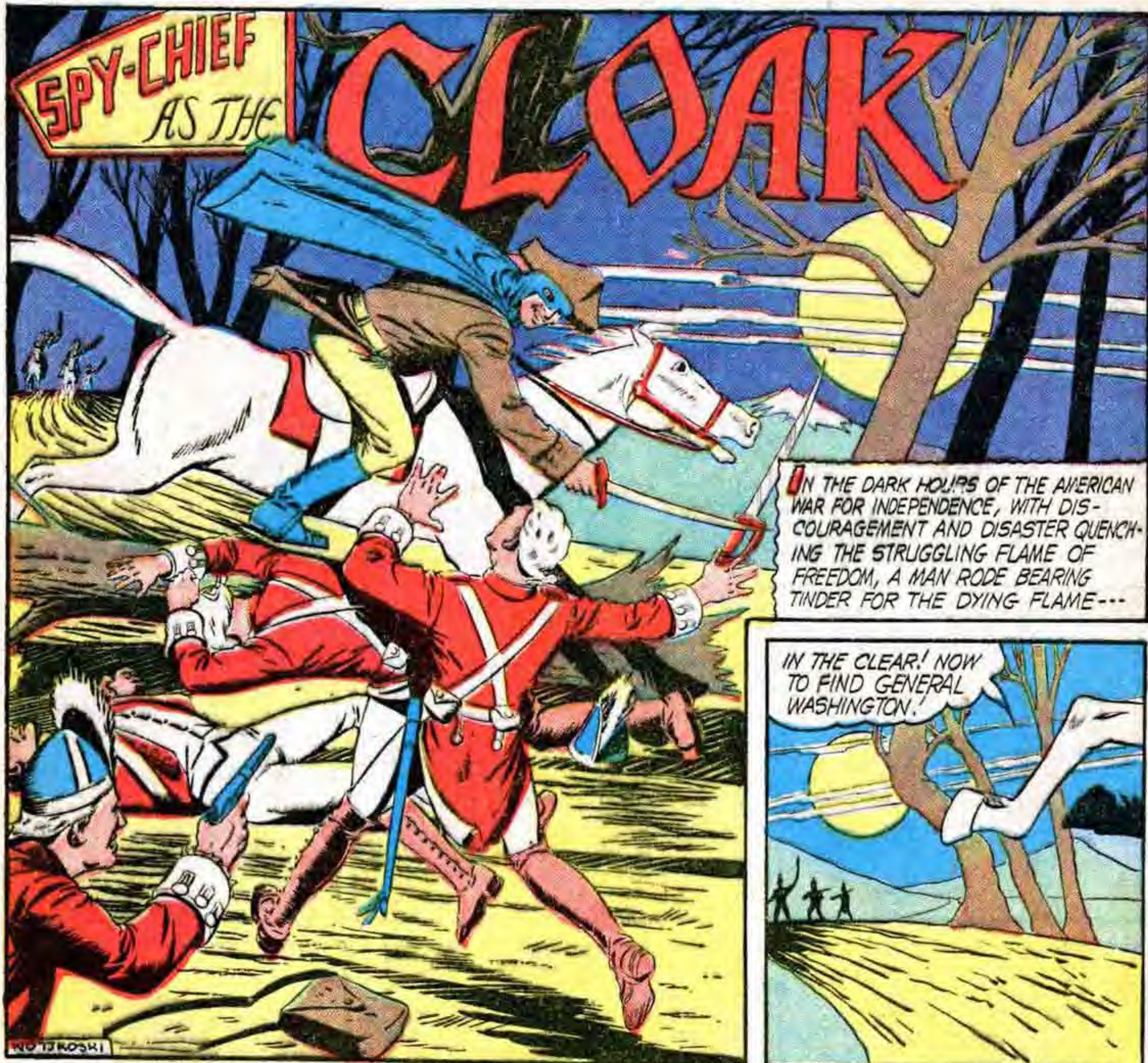
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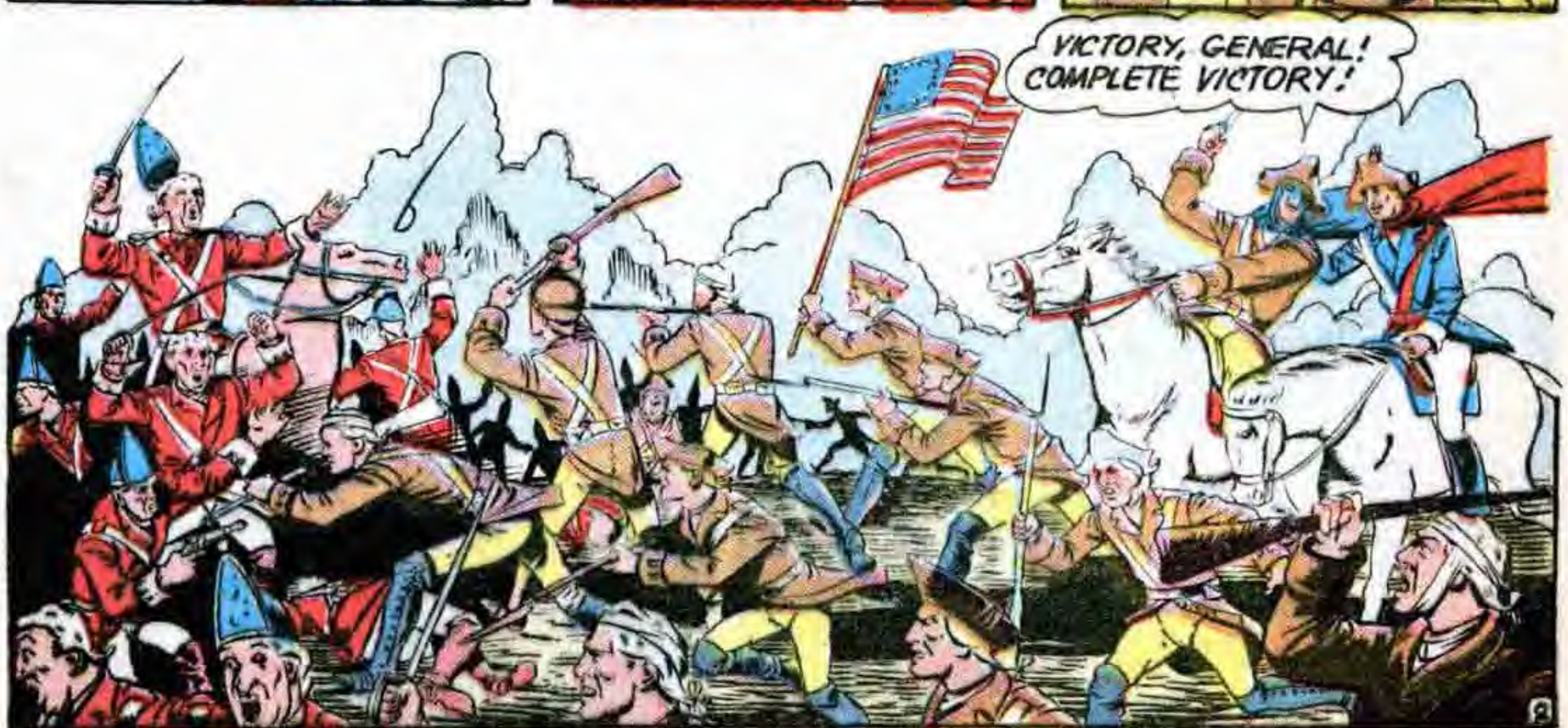


NEXT DAY

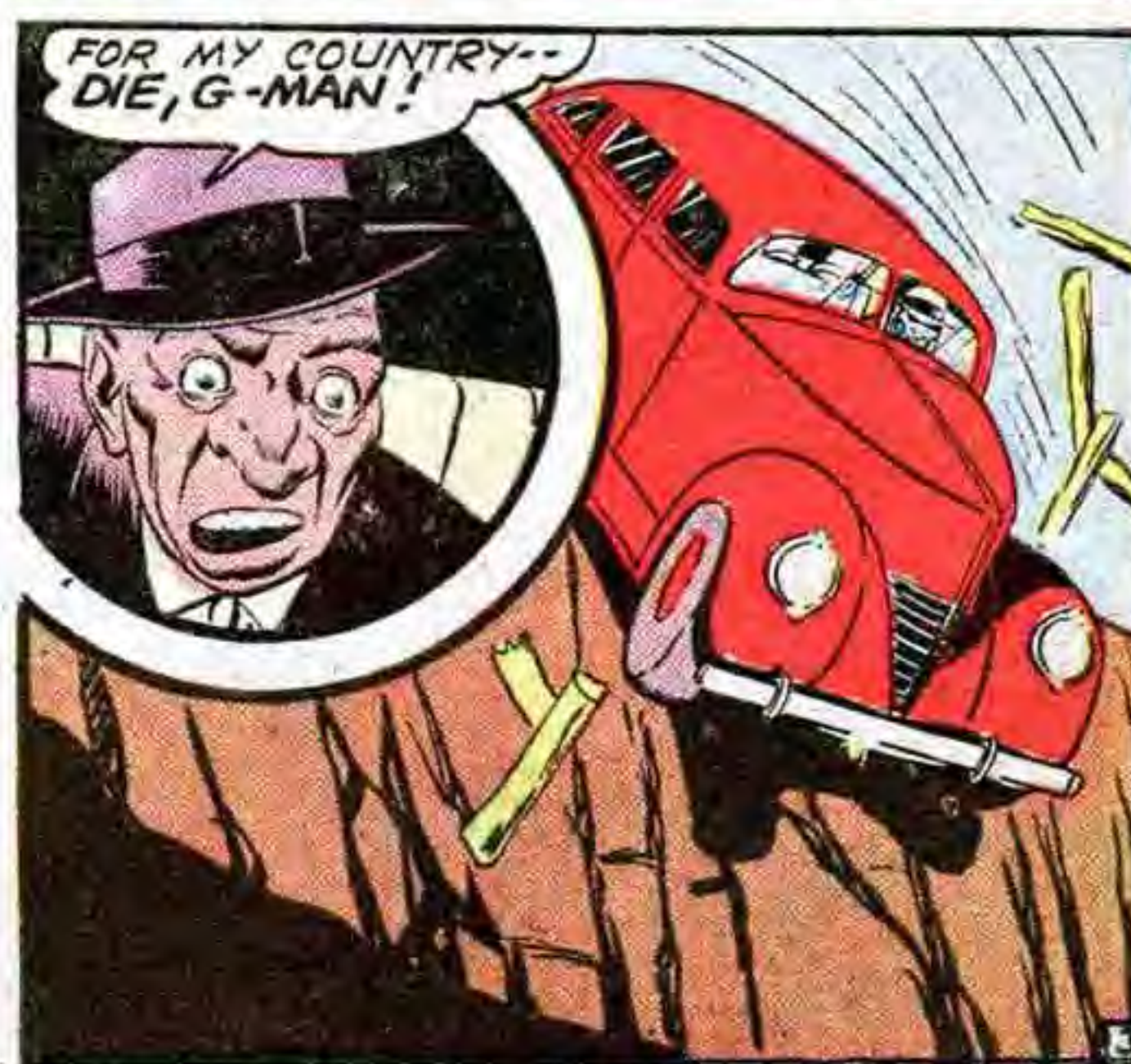




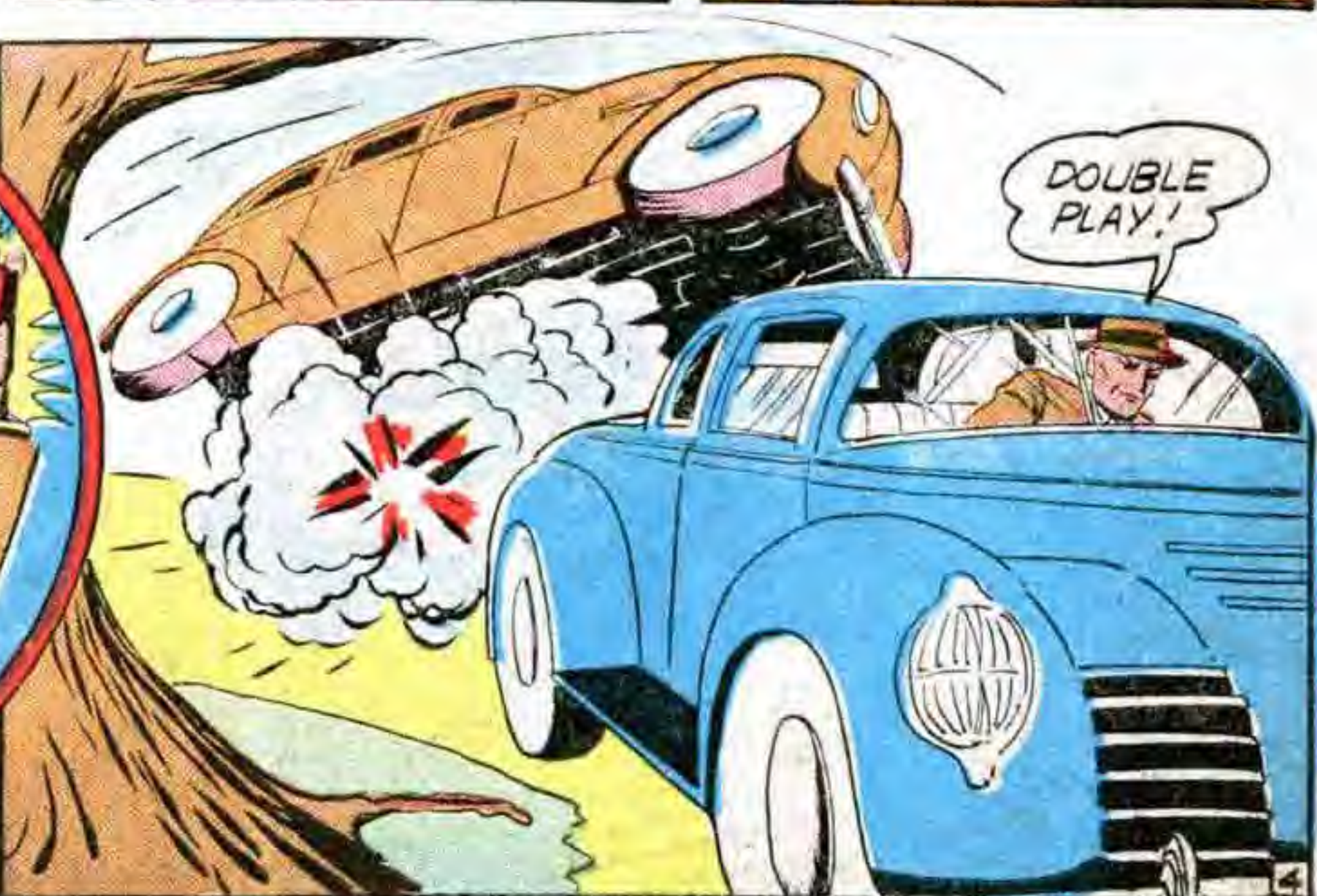
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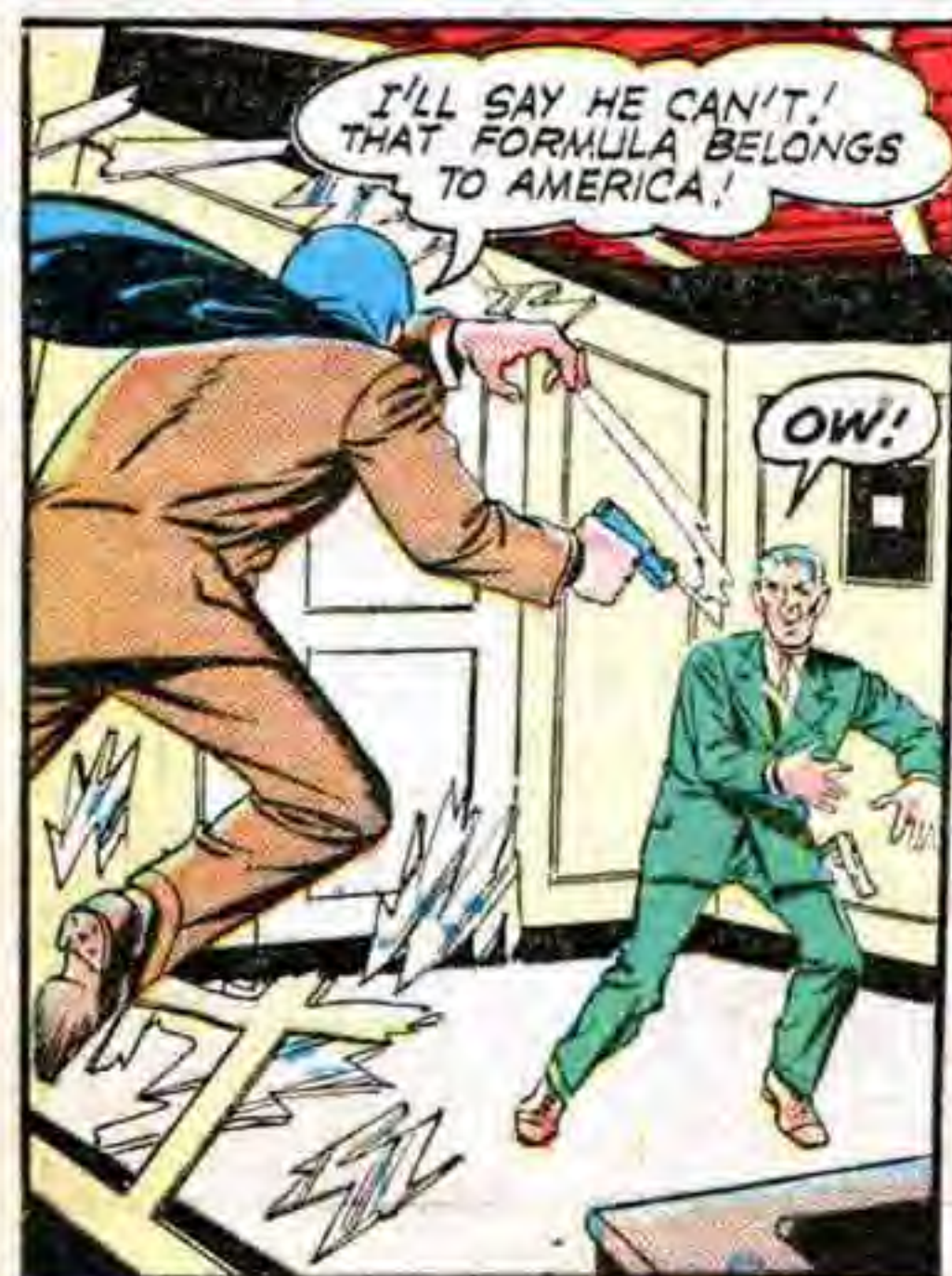
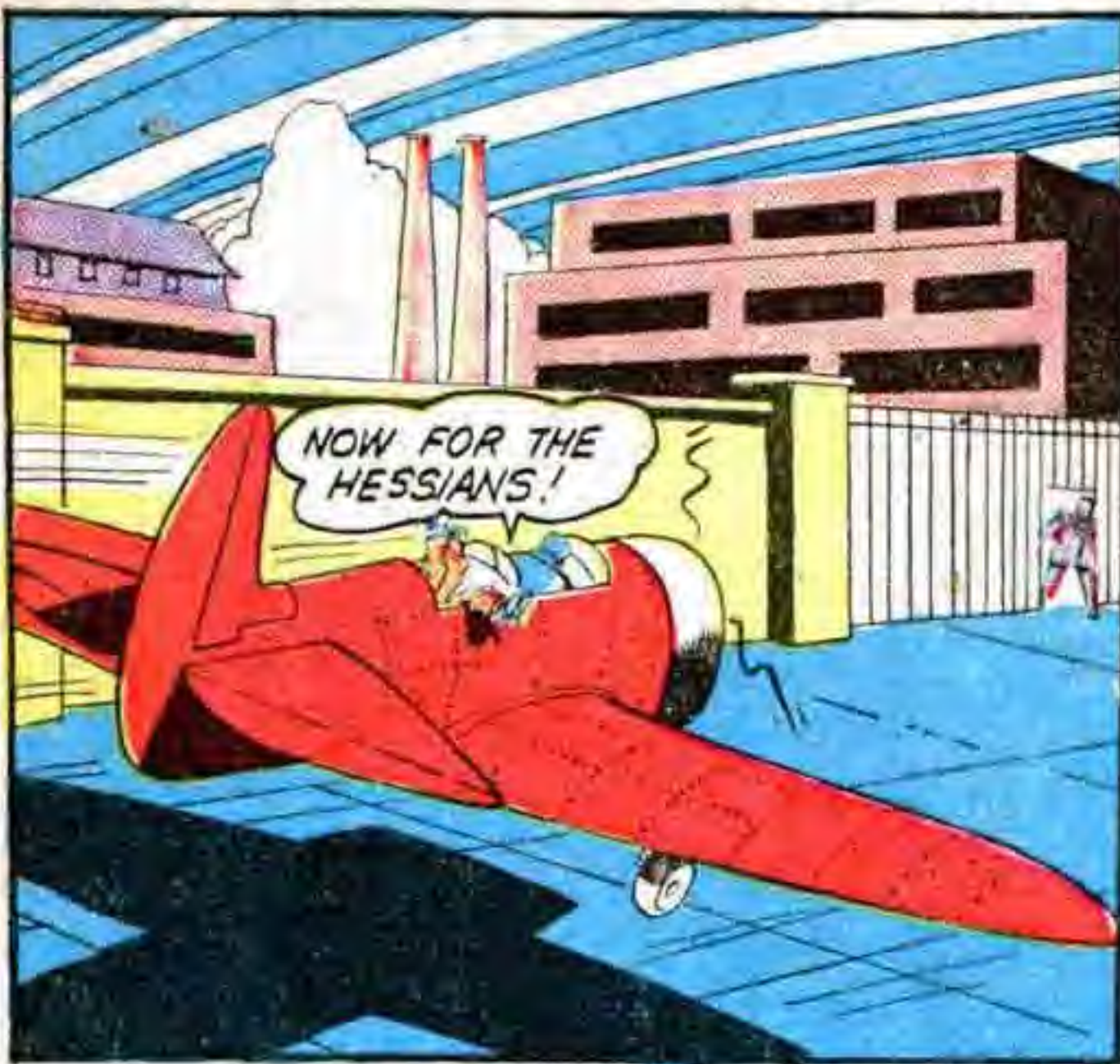
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BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



JIBBY JONES MEETS LEO

THERE were big doings in our town last October, on the night of the 25th, and the people are still talking about it. As far as the town folk are concerned, Jibby Jones deserves just as prominent a spot on the calendar for the month of October as Christopher Columbus. This may sound a bit far-fetched to a stranger but the citizens of our town are stubborn—and perhaps rightfully so. Anyway, here's how the whole thing came about.

The Keane Brothers Circus, touring our section of the state, had just completed their annual stay at our town. The 15th of the month was the last day and that night they put on their final performance.

At half past eleven most of the people had left for their homes. A few of them hung around and watched the workmen dismantle the big tent. It was quite cold and the breaths of the panting men turned to white vapor in the chilled night air.

The enormous canvas was folded and packed away. And with surprising rapidity, the towering poles came down one by one. Teams of horses pulled the red-and-gold animal cages over

to the railroad siding, where the wild beasts were directed into the waiting cars to be transported to the next town on the circuit.

The lion's cage was rolled alongside the freight train—and what happened then, nobody seems to really know. Ed Bennett, the circus manager, claims that one of the workmen must have slipped and in doing so, accidentally loosened the iron bolt holding the cage door.

The door swung back and like a streak of lightning, Leo, the big Nubian lion, leaped from his cell and bounded across the circus grounds. Someone let out a shriek of warning and the men scooted for their lives in all directions. The trainer and his assistants raced after the beast but Leo, roaring his defiance and probably enjoying the strange feeling of freedom, scaled a wooden fence and disappeared into the night.

A general alarm was spread. Bennett 'phoned the police captain in town to instruct the folk to remain indoors until the roaming beast was captured. Then he and the circus men armed themselves and set out to track Leo down.

* * *

JIBBY JONES had said time and again that some day he'd make a million dollars. And as a step in that direction, he worked in the general store after school hours. Besides that, he had secured the job of stoking and banking the furnace of the county orphan asylum during the winter months. The orphanage was a little over a mile from town and he generally rode out there on his bicycle, sometime between eleven and twelve o'clock in the night.

On this particular night of the 25th, he arrived at the asylum around midnight. He rode to the rear of the building and placed his wheel against the stucco wall. He flashed his light on the basement entrance and was surprised to find the door wide open.

"Gosh, somebody's been mighty careless," he murmured to himself. "If that was left open all night the place would be like an ice-box in the morning."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF BIG SHOT COMICS, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for Oct. 1, 1941.

State of New York 1
County of New York 1

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared ANN L. HORGAN, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the BUSINESS MANAGER of the BIG SHOT COMICS and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher COLUMBIA COMIC CORPORATION, 369 Lexington Ave., NEW YORK, N. Y. Editor VINCENT SULLIVAN, 369 Lexington Ave. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Managing Editor: NONE.
Business Manager ANN L. HORGAN, 369 Lexington Ave., NEW YORK, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.

Columbia Comic Corporation, 369 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Charles V. McAdam, R.F.D. No. 2, Port Chester, N. Y.; Frank J. Markey, 369 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Ann L. Horgan, 47-10 189th Street, Flushing, N. Y.; Frank J. Murphy, 334 Weaver Street, Larchmont, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: If there are none, so state: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

ANN L. HORGAN,
(Business Manager)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1941.

MARGARET HENNING,
Notary Public, Queens Co., No. 729, Reg. No. 4877.
Cert. filed in N. Y. Co. No. 38, Reg. No. 3-H-23
Commission expires March 30, 1943.

BIG SHOT COMICS

He went down the steps and into the cellar, closing the door behind him. At the foot of the steps he paused and sniffed. He imagined he smelled something peculiar—sort of animal-like. But he dismissed the thought and blamed the cold night air for the sensitiveness of his nose.

He switched on the electric light and marched over to the huge furnace. He pulled back the iron door and extended his chilled hands in front of the opening to warm them.

And at that moment, a low, rumbling growl echoed through the cellar!

Jibby swung around swiftly and then remained motionless. A cold, empty sensation ran through his body and his heart seemed to stop beating. For peering around a corner of the coal bin at the far end of the cellar, was a snarling lion!

The huge beast's eyes gleamed maliciously in the deep gloom and slowly he began to advance. The movements of the jungle king apparently restored in Jibby the ability to also act. Resting in a corner not three feet away from him were several brooms, a mop and a rake. He reached out and

grabbed two of the brooms and quickly shoved them into the furnace. The dry straws burst into flames and he withdrew them—holding one in each hand like a glowing spear of protection.

Jibby pointed the flaming torches directly at the lion's face. Leo halted and growled disturbingly—he was puzzled and annoyed.

Cautiously, Jibby started forward and the wild beast, confronted by the sizzling flames, began to retreat. Leo's tail switched back and forth and he voiced his disapproval by low, guttural snarls. Time and again he opened his cavernous mouth and Jibby shuddered when he saw the gleaming, fierce-looking fangs.

But with admirable courage, he continued to advance and stubbornly the lion fell back. One step . . . two steps . . . back, back

. . . and suddenly Jibby had Leo trapped in one of the coal bins. Swiftly, he untied the rope holding the timber door of the bin against the ceiling. And at that instant, the lion leaped!

But Leo was the barest fraction of a second too late. His heavy body crashed against the beams of the door as it slammed in front of him.

Both the brooms had burned out and Jibby stepped on them, putting out the smoldering straws. Then he remembered the large cabinet in the rear of the basement—a medicinal cabinet, where a number of supplies were stored in the event of an emergency.

He raced to the cabinet, flung open the doors and played his flashlight on the rows of bottles. He selected one that had CHLOROFORM written on it.

He returned to the coal bin and took careful aim. And through the half-foot opening between the top of the door and the plaster ceiling, he tossed the bottle. He heard it crash inside the bin—and a moment later, came the snarling of the imprisoned Leo.

Jibby waited and waited . . . and he wondered how long it would be before the anesthetic would take effect. He looked at his wrist watch till ten minutes had passed and then walked over to the bin. He peered through a crack and saw the lion lying on the floor, fast asleep!

Then he went upstairs to the superintendent's desk and put through a 'phone call to the police station. Captain Hackett answered and Jibby gave him the entire story, from beginning to end.

"And where is the lion now?" asked the amazed police captain.

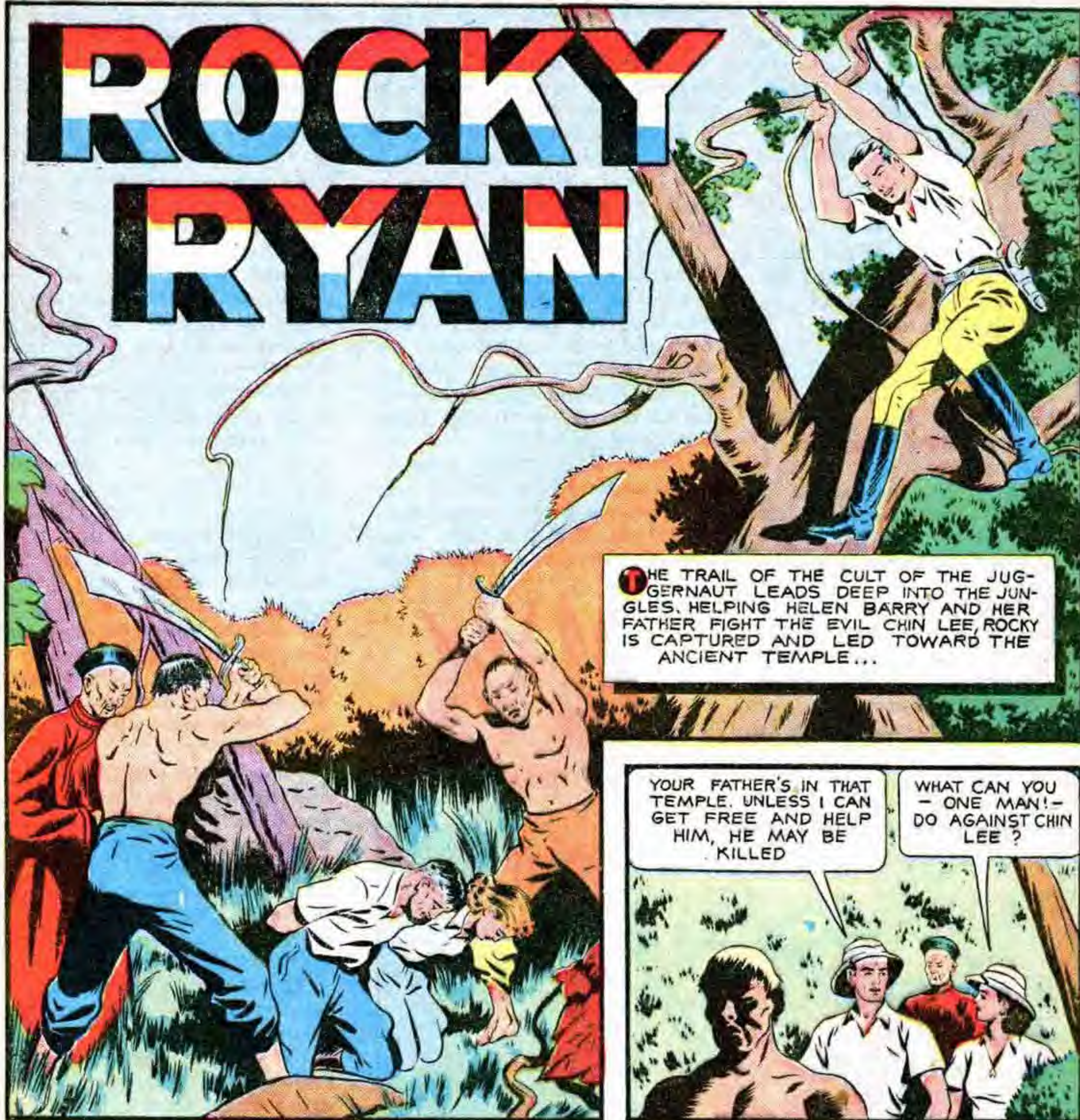
"Down in the cellar—in one of the coal bins," replied Jibby, stifling a yawn. "And you'd better hurry 'cause I think that chloroform is getting the best of me, too!"

THE END



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ROCKY RYAN



THE TRAIL OF THE CULT OF THE JUGGERNAUT LEADS DEEP INTO THE JUNGLES. HELPING HELEN BARRY AND HER FATHER FIGHT THE EVIL CHIN LEE, ROCKY IS CAPTURED AND LED TOWARD THE ANCIENT TEMPLE...

YOUR FATHER'S IN THAT TEMPLE. UNLESS I CAN GET FREE AND HELP HIM, HE MAY BE KILLED

WHAT CAN YOU - ONE MAN! - DO AGAINST CHIN LEE?

THAT BROOCH! GET IT AND GIVE IT TO ME!

THAT WON'T MAKE MUCH OF A WEAPON! BUT YOU CAN HAVE IT IF YOU WANT IT!

AHEAD OF THEM, IN THE ANCIENT TEMPLE, THE JUGGERNAUT DESCENDS ON BARRY. ABOUT TO CRUSH HIM!

CHIN LEE PULLED THE LEVER THAT STARTED THAT THING - THEN FORGOT ABOUT IT AND LEFT ME - TO BE KILLED!



BIG SHOT COMICS

ALONG THE TRAIL- ROCKY SCREAMS IN AGONY,
AND FALLS FORWARD...

OHhh! MY ANKLE!
A SNAKE - BIT ME!

OHh!



A BUSH SNAKE GOT HIM! LET'S MOVE
ON BEFORE ONE OF THEM BITES US! LEA-
VE HIM TO DIE HERE! HURRY!



THAT BROOCH DID THE TRICK!
I STUCK ITS TWO PRONGS IN-
TO MY ANKLE SO THAT IT
LOOKED LIKE A SNAKE-BITE!



I'LL FOLLOW CHIN LEE OVERHEAD! HE'LL
NEVER THINK OF LOOKING ABOVE HIM
FOR ANY PURSUIT!



THIS BEATS TRAVELING ON
A TRAIL! I CAN KEEP MY
EYE ON THEM, AND ON THE
PLACE WHERE WE'RE SUP-
POSED TO GO, AT THE SAME
TIME!



THAT OLD RUINS - THE TEMPLE! AND
THAT NOISE! I WONDER IF THAT'S
- THE JUGGERNAUT!



GRASPING A VINE FIRMLY IN HIS HANDS, ROCKY LEAPS
OUT OVER THE TALL GRASSES OF THE JUNGLE FLOOR...

THIS IS ONE WAY OF BEING
A SECOND-STORY WORKER!



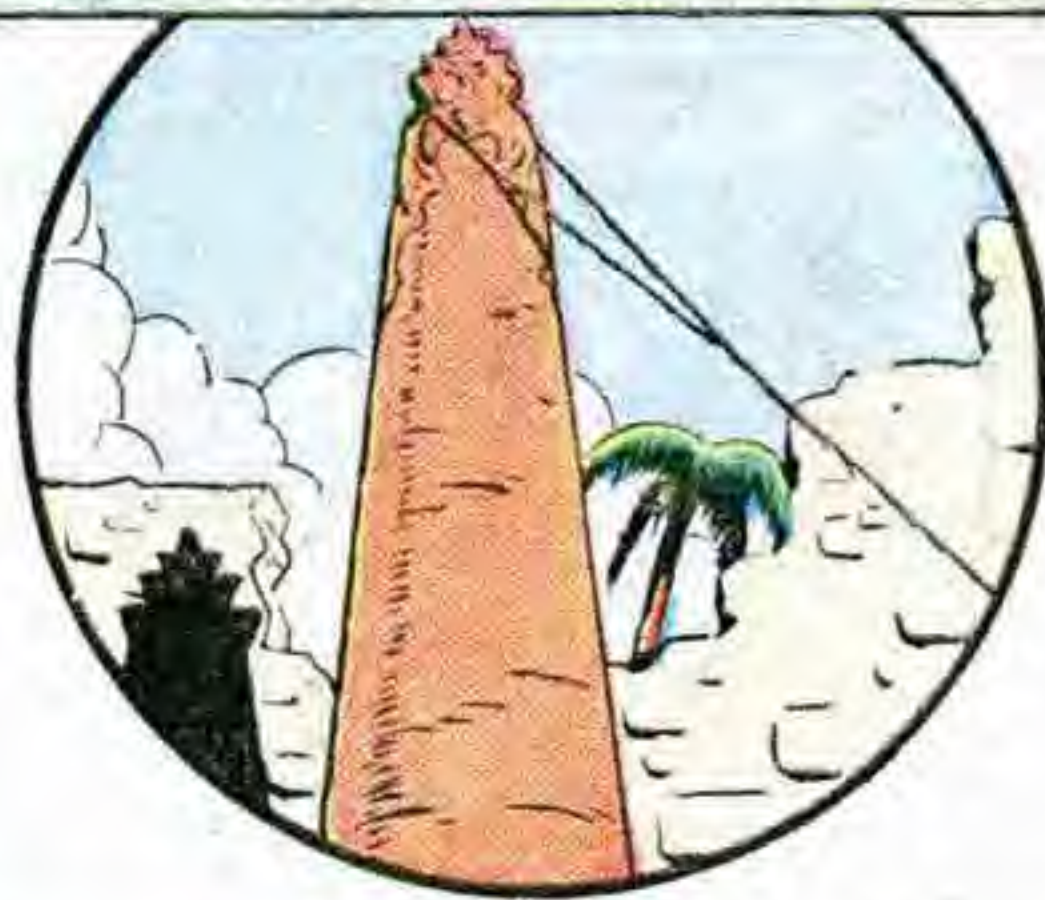
BIG SHOT COMICS

AS HIS FEET THUD DOWN ON THE WINDOWSILL, HE SEES THE JUGGERNAUT ABOUT TO CRUSH BARRY!

I'M JUST ABOUT IN TIME - UNLESS I CAN GET THIS VINE-ROPE FASTENED TO SOMETHING - BARRY IS FINISHED!

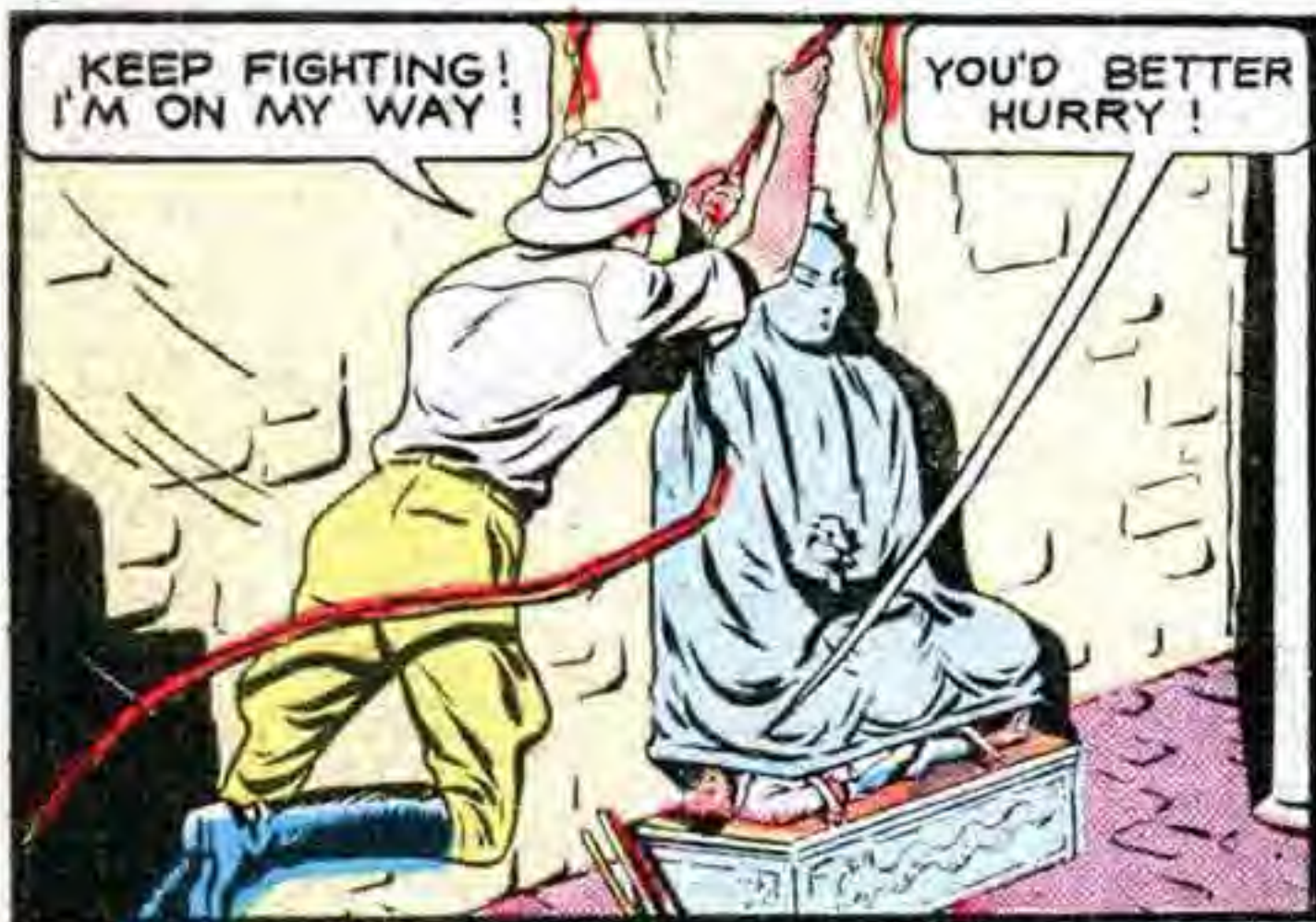


THE GRASS ROPE FASTENS OVER AN OUTCROPPING OF CARVED ORNAMENT...



KEEP FIGHTING! I'M ON MY WAY!

YOU'D BETTER HURRY!



HE SWOOPS DOWN. OUT SHOOTS AN ARM. HIS HAND CLOSES OVER BARRY'S WRIST. THE FORCE OF HIS SWING PULLS THEM FREE.

COME ON!



THAT WAS MIGHTY CLOSE!

I THOUGHT SURE I WAS DONE IN!



THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH THIS IS, WHEN CHIN LEE LEARNS YOU ESCAPED, HE MAY TAKE HIS VENGEANCE OUT ON HELEN! SO THAT MEANS, I'VE GOT TO GET HER AWAY FROM HIM!



TOO LATE! CHIN LEE IS ALREADY HERE!

I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST, AND THINK FAST! HOW CAN I BEAT HIM?



BARRY! GONE! THE JUGGERNAUT WOULD HAVE CRUSHED HIM, BUT HE ESCAPED!

OH, I'M GLAD! GLAD!



BIG SHOT COMICS

KEEPING TO THE SIDE OF THE WALL, ROCKY WORKS HIS WAY TOWARD THE JUGGERNAUT...

IF THIS THING WORKS BY MACHINERY, THERE MUST BE SOME WORKS INSIDE IT THAT I CAN TAMPER WITH! NO HARM TO TRY!



I'M RIGHT! THERE IS MACHINERY! ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS SEE IF I CAN WORK IT!



HE WORKS SWIFTLY INSIDE THE GREAT JUGGERNAUT...

THERE MAY BE A WAY TO MAKE THIS WORK OF IT'S OWN VOLITION! IN THAT CASE IT'LL MAKE A SWELL TANK!



MY REVENGE WILL BE VERY SUBTLE! YOUR FATHER ESCAPES- BUT YOU DIE! THAT BLOW WILL KILL HIM, TOO!

NO-NO-STOP!



CHIN LEE THROWS THE LEVER...

NOW- YOU DIE AS A SACRIFICE TO JUGGERNAUT!



JUGGERNAUT RUMBLES INTO ACTION!

OHH! OHH!



BUT THE STONE MONSTER SUDDENLY SWERVES FROM IT'S COURSE!

WHAT THE-! IT'S OUT OF CONTROL! LOOK OUT! RUN! RUN!



BIG SHOT COMICS

LUCKY FOR ME I DISCOVERED HOW TO OPERATE THIS THING BEFORE CHIN LEE DECIDED TO KILL HELEN! LOOK AT HIM RUN!



YAAAH! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

HELP! HELP!

IT'S CHASING US!



GET BACK TO THE TEMPLE! RELEASE HELEN BEFORE CHIN LEE AND HIS MEN GET UP ENOUGH COURAGE TO RETURN!

THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO TELL YOU-SHE'S GONE!



BUT YOU WERE HERE, LOOKING ON! WHAT HAPPENED?

I WATCHED YOU IN THE JUGGERNAUT, THEN WHEN I LOOKED BACK AT THE ALTAR-I FOUND HER GONE!



UNSEEN BY BARRY AND ROCKY, ONE OF CHIN LEE'S MEN CUT HELEN FREE...

CHIN LEE WILL PAY WELL TO LEARN YOU HAVE NOT BEEN RESCUED!

OH! LET ME GO! LET ME GO!



YOU MEAN A GOOD REWARD FOR ME, WHITE GIRL! WE'LL FIND CHIN LEE AND SEE WHAT HE WANTS TO DO WITH YOU



YOU'VE GOT THE WHITE GIRL! GOOD! SHE SHALL DIE FOR THE HONOR OF JUGGERNAUT!

HER FATHER-LOOK! HE COMES, TOO!



MASTER, WE HAVE THE WHITE MAN WHO ESCAPED FROM JUGGERNAUT!

GOOD! FETCH YOUR SWORDS! CUT OFF THEIR HEADS!



BIG SHOT COMICS

AS ROCKY SEARCHES THE INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE, TWO THUGS HAVE FALLEN UPON BARRY AND CAPTURED HIM!

HAH! YOU ESCAPED ONCE - BUT NOT AGAIN!

HEE-LP! UGH!

ROCKY DISCOVERS THE CAPTURE...

I THOUGHT I HEARD BARRY YELL! NOW HE'S DISAPPEARED TOO! BARRY! BARRY! WHERE ARE YOU?

HE PICKS UP THE TRAIL EASILY AND FOLLOWS IT...

FOOTPRINTS! I CAN FOLLOW BARRY AND HIS ABDUCTORS INTO THE JUNGLE! THEY CAN'T BE VERY FAR AWAY!

HE ARRIVES JUST AS GLEAMING SWORDS LIFT, READY TO DECAPITATE HIS FRIENDS!

YAHOO! HERE I COME!

WHAT - THE - !

ROCKEE RYAN! YOU-NOT DEAD - OHH!

I'M ALIVE - AND KICKING, TOO!

THANKS FOR THE SWORD, BUDDY!

HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING ON THE RECEIVING END OF THESE THINGS?

FLEE! FLEE! CHIN LEE IS DEAD!

THE WHITE TUN IS TOO MUCH FOR US!

I WAS NEVER GLADDER TO SEE YOU - UNLESS IT WAS WHEN YOU RESCUED ME FROM THE JUGGERNAUT!

NOW THAT WE'RE SAFE - CAN WE GET TO THE COAST?

EASY! JUST FOLLOW THE TRAIL WE CAME INTO THE JUNGLES, AND WE'LL BE BACK IN CIVILIZATION IN NO TIME!

Charlie CHAN

by Alfred ANDRIOLA

DANTON HAS KILLED CONWAY AND THREW THE BODY IN THE RIVER...

MUST TAKE YOUTH'S BODY UP AND ARRANGE SCHEME TO PROVE MURDER IN COURT!

AND, AS CHARLIE CLOSES THE NET AROUND DANTON...

I ONLY HAVE THIS SHOT AND IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

BANG!

HEY! THAT WAS A BULLET! HOLY MACKEREL! THE AIR LINE IS CUT!

ZIP!

AS THE PRECIOUS LIFE LINE IS CUT BY DANTON'S BULLET AND FALLS INTO THE WATER...

CHAN! YOUR LIFE LINE HAS BEEN CUT!

WATER AND NO AIR! WHAT CAN HAVE HAPPENED?

QUICK! CLOSE ALL VALVES IN YOUR HELMET!

HAVE DONE SO, BUT STILL LACK MUCH AIR AND FEEL HEAVY!

CHAN! TAKE ONE OF THE LEAD WEIGHTS OFF YOUR SHOES! YOU'VE GOT TO RISE!

DROPPING THE THIRTY-POUND LEAD SHOE WEIGHT CAUSES CHARLIE TO RISE SLOWLY-BUT THE HEAVY COPPER HELMET SENDS HIM UP FEET FOREMOST

AM UPSIDE DOWN - AND WATER IN SUIT RUSHES TO HELMET BLUE-BLUB!

BIG SHOT COMICS

HALF-SUFFOCATED FROM DEADLY CARBON-DIOXIDE, HIS BODY SQUEEZED IN THE RELENTLESS PRESSURE OF TONS OF WATER, CHARLIE SLOWLY RISES TOWARD THE SURFACE....



HOLY SMOKE!
HE'S SHIPPED WATER
AND IT'S RUNNING INTO
HIS HELMET! PULL!
QUICK!



CHAN! CAN YOU
TALK? CAN YOU BREATHE?
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

CAN BREATHE
BUT-AM-
SLEEPY!



CHAN! YOU'RE
AT SIXTY FEET! DROP
THE OTHER WEIGHT!
THAT'LL BRING YOU UP
FASTER!

WILL TRY-
BUT-FEEL-
PEACE-OF-
DEATH-



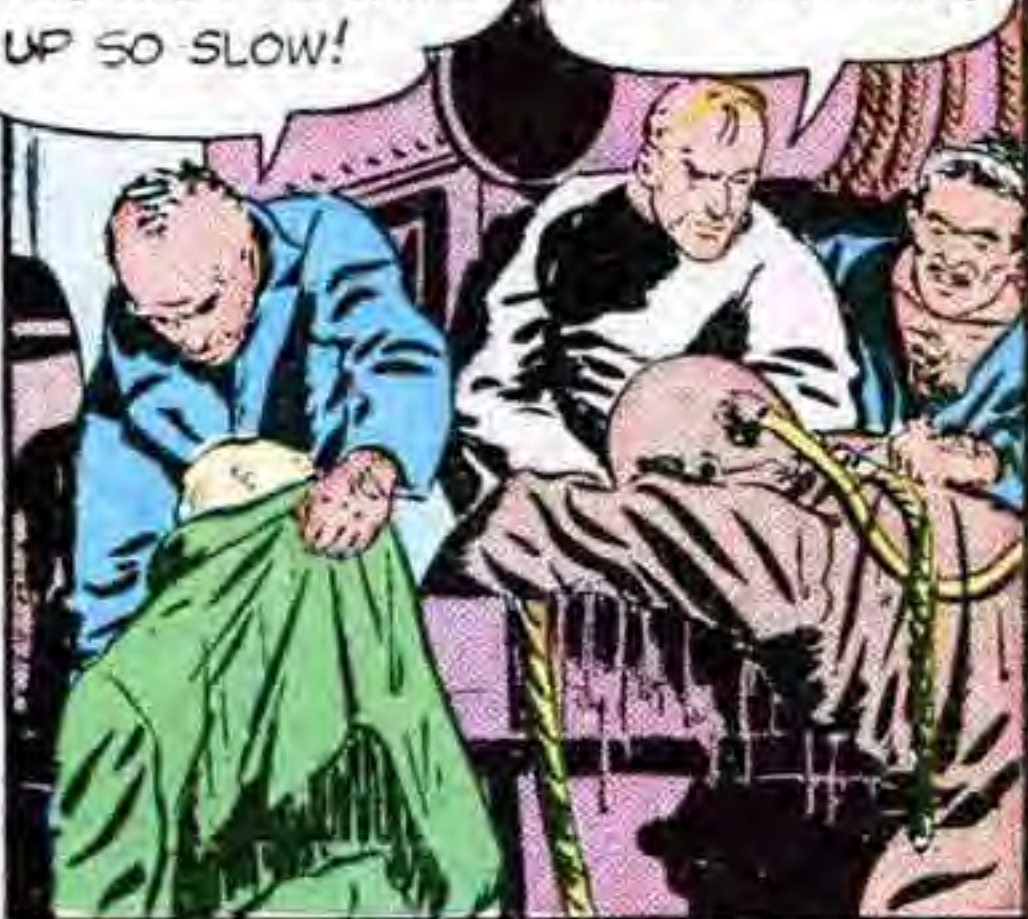
HE DOESN'T
ANSWER! HE'S
PASSED OUT
OR DEAD!

THERE
HE IS!



HE BROUGHT UP
THE KID'S BODY, TOO!
NO WONDER HE CAME
UP SO SLOW!

WE'VE GOT TO
OPEN CHAN'S HEL-
MET FOR AIR!



HIS HEART IS
GOING LIKE A TRIP
HAMMER! HE'LL BE
O.K. IN TEN
MINUTES!

GEE, HE
CERTAINLY RISKED
HIS LIFE TO BRING
UP THAT BODY!



FOR PETE'S SAKE!
CHAN, WHY DID YOU
CHANCE BRINGING
THAT BODY UP WITH
YOU?

BODY WILL
PROVIDE FINAL
EVIDENCE TO HANG
TRIPLE
MURDERER!



LATER

WHAT LUCK! CHAN'S
COME UP ALIVE-AND
HE'S BROUGHT JACK
CONWAY'S BODY!



BIG SHOT COMICS

WHY? I'M SURE
I LEFT NO CLUE -
AND YET - WHAT SHALL
I DO?



I'LL GO BACK TO THE
CARNIVAL, AND PLAY INNOCENT!
THERE'S ALWAYS MY BALLOON
FOR A GETAWAY IF IT GETS
TOO TIGHT!



AS CHARLIE REACHES THE SHORE...

FOR TH' LOVE
OF MIKE, CHARLIE,
WHAT HAPPENED
OUT THERE?

IS LONG STORY
FOR FIRESIDE
EVENING! NOW, WE
MUST HURRY TO
CATCH ELUSIVE
MURDERER!



HURRY TO
CATCH THE
MURDERER?
WHO? HOW?
WHERE?

PLEASE! MUST HAVE
TEN YARDS OF FENCE
WIRE, ONE BLUE ELECTRIC
LIGHT BULB AND THREE
INCENDIARY
BULLETS!



FENCE WIRE, BLUE BULB,
INCENDIARY BULLETS - ?
OKAY - BUT IT SOUNDS
SCREWBALL
TO ME!



AS HAYCOXE GOES TO OBEY CHAN'S
MYSTERIOUS REQUEST...

DEAR CHILD, IN FACE
OF TRAGEDY, MUST ASK
YOU TO DO UNUSUAL
THING!

POOR JACK!
HE WAS WEAK
AND EASILY
LEAD! WHAT
MUST I DO,
CHARLIE?

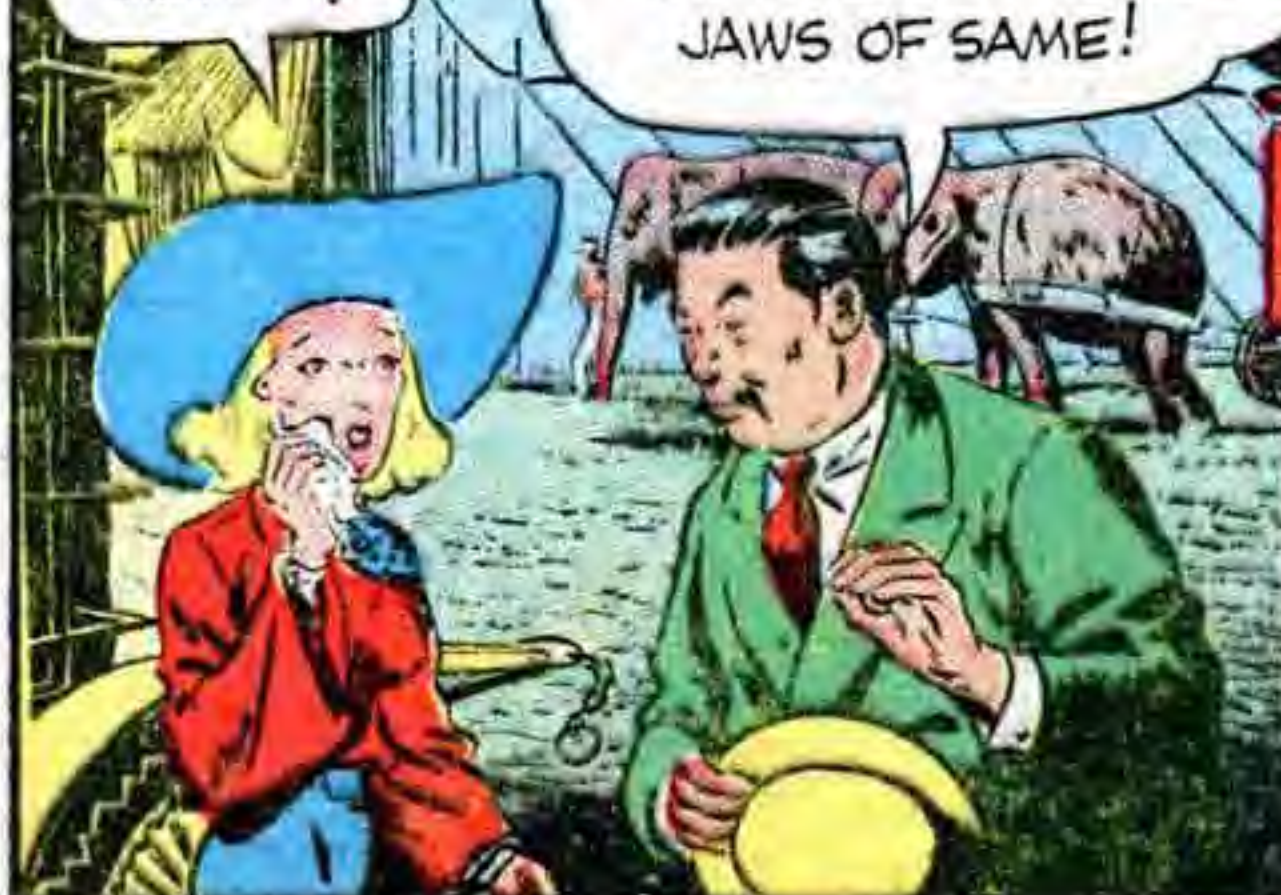


YOU MUST PRETEND
YOUR HALF-BROTHER, JACK,
IS ALIVE! YOU MUST SHOW
GREAT JOY AND
HAPPINESS!



BUT WHY SHOULD
I PRETEND JACK IS
ALIVE AND ACT
HAPPY?

WE SET WOLF TRAP
INTO WHICH SURPRISED
MURDERER WALKS!
YOU ARE BAIT TO CLOSE
JAWS OF SAME!



THEN YOU KNOW
WHO THE MURDERER
IS? WHO?



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

OLIVER DRAB



BIG SHOT COMICS



SPARKY

by BOODY ROGERS

WATTS

ABSOLUTELY THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN

HEDY! MY STARS, CHILD! YOU HAVE THE COSMIC RAY MACHINE ON !!

I'M SORRY I HAD TO GO AGAINST YOUR WISHES, DOCTOR-- BUT I JUST HAD TO GET STRONG SO I COULD MARRY SPARKY !!

-- WHEN THE RAYS LOSE THEIR POWER YOU'LL SHRINK!

HEDY AND I WILL MARRY AND LIVE NEXT DOOR, DOC-- YOU CAN RE-CHARGE US EVERY DAY!

WELL-- NO NEED TO CRY OVER SPILLED RAYS! THEY'VE MADE YOU TWO TH' STRONGEST PEOPLE ON EARTH-- SO GO AND GET MARRIED--

-- BUT IF YOU EVER HAVE A QUARREL AND START THROWING THINGS -- IT'LL BE WORSE THAN A BLITZKREIG !!

WAIT, SPARKY! DON'T KISS HEDY YET-- IF THE COSMIC RAYS DIDN'T CHARGE HER YOU'D CRUSH HER WITH A HUG!

GOSH-- MAYBE DOC'S RIGHT, HEDY-- TRY TO PICK UP THAT DESK!

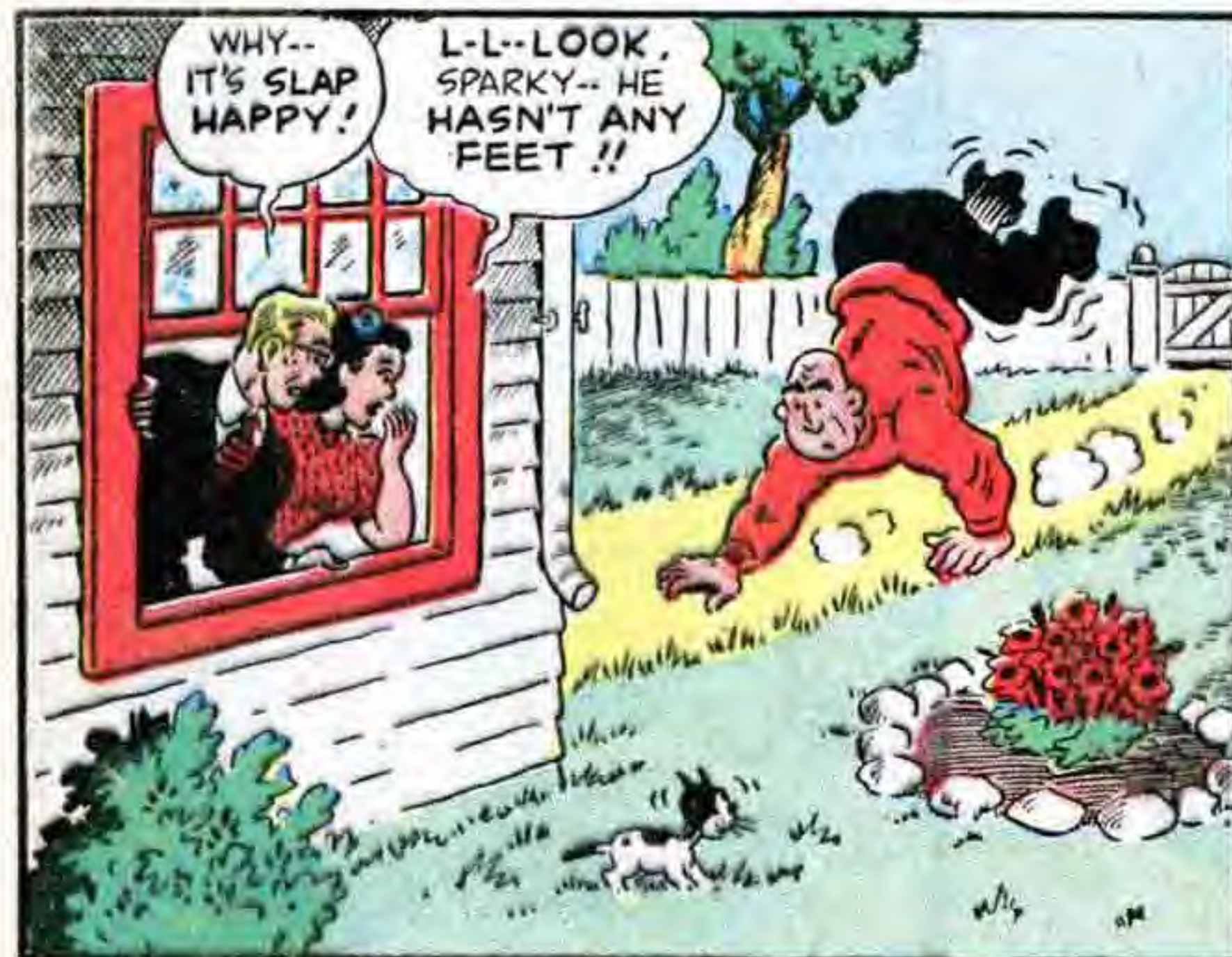
UGH-- OO-OP-- OH... I CAN'T !!

I'M GLAD I NOTICED IN TIME THAT YOU'RE WEARING A SILK DRESS, HEDY-- SILK ACTS AS AN INSULATOR AGAINST COSMIC RAYS!

WHAT!? THEN I'M NOT STRONG ALL OVER, EITHER-- I WAS WEARING A SILK BOW TIE WHEN I WAS CHARGED!

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, SPARKY!

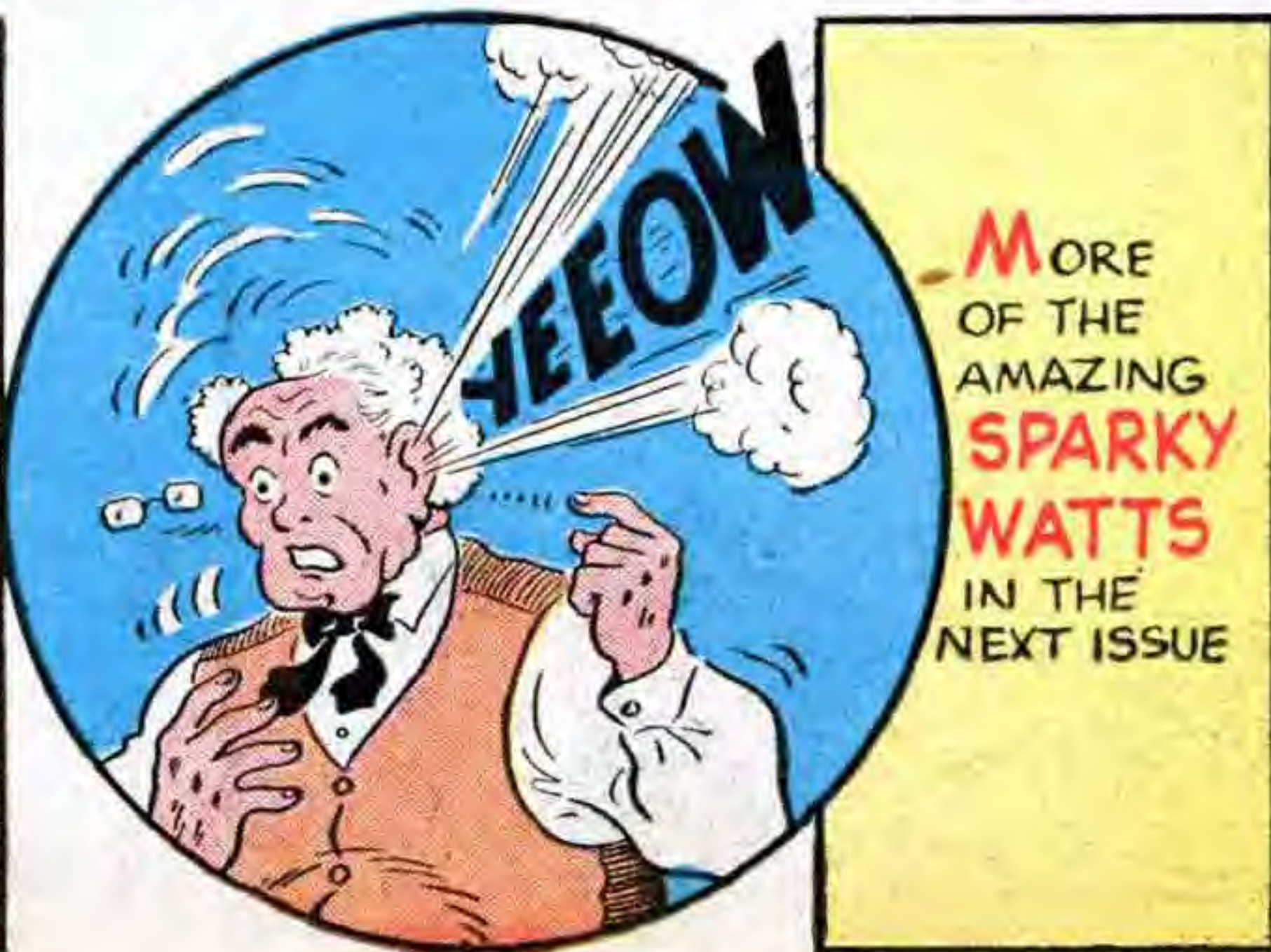
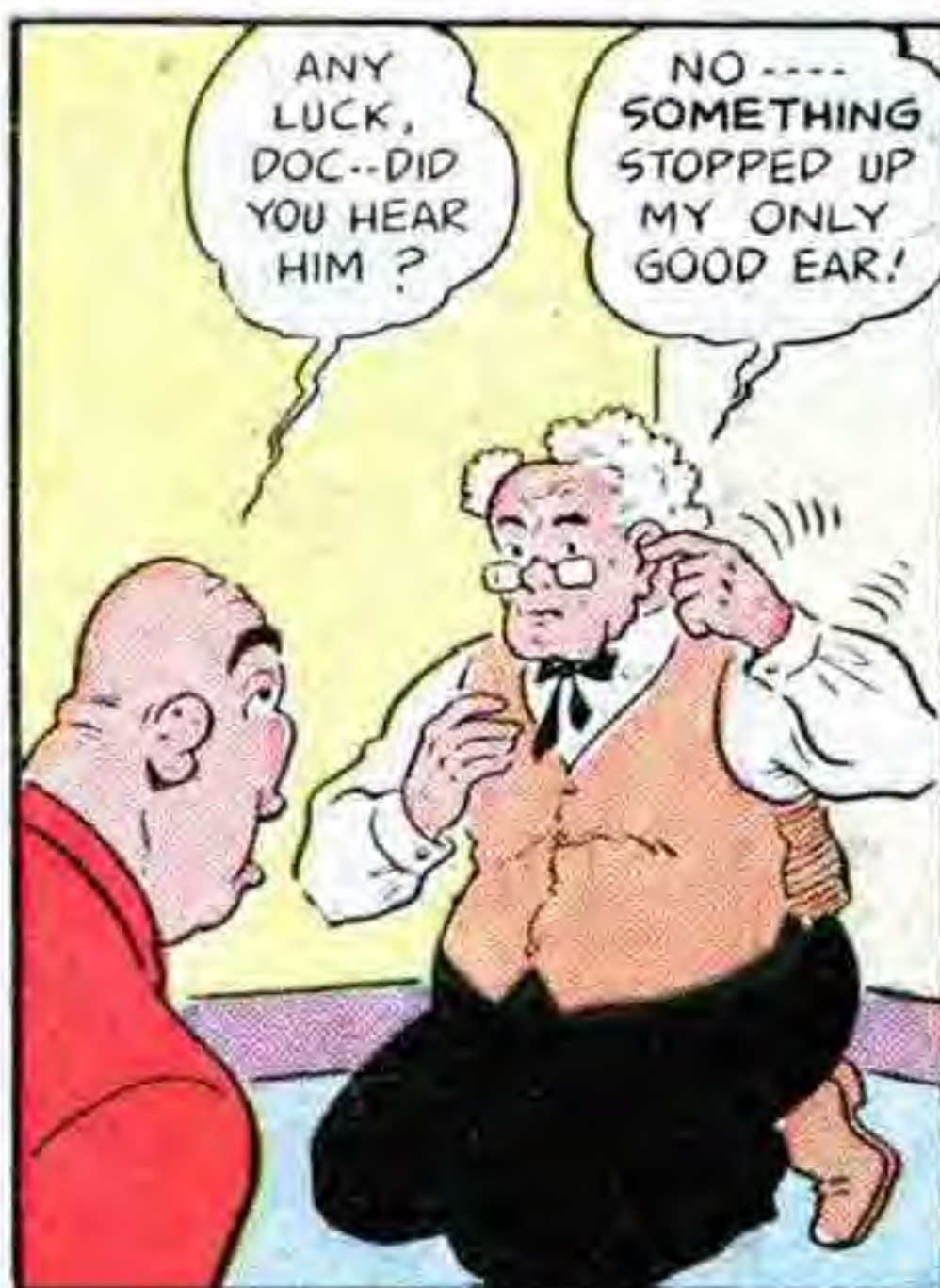
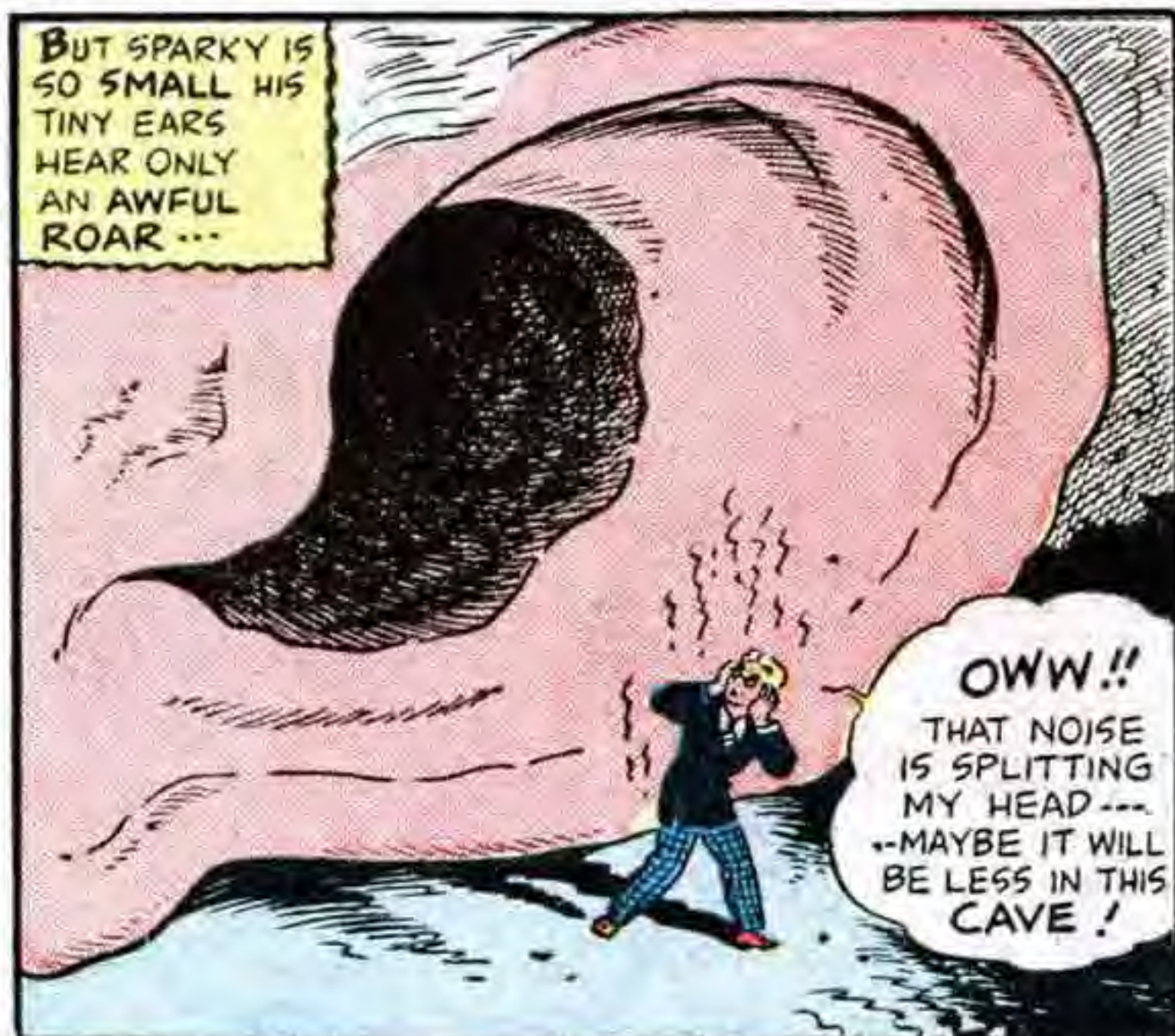
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



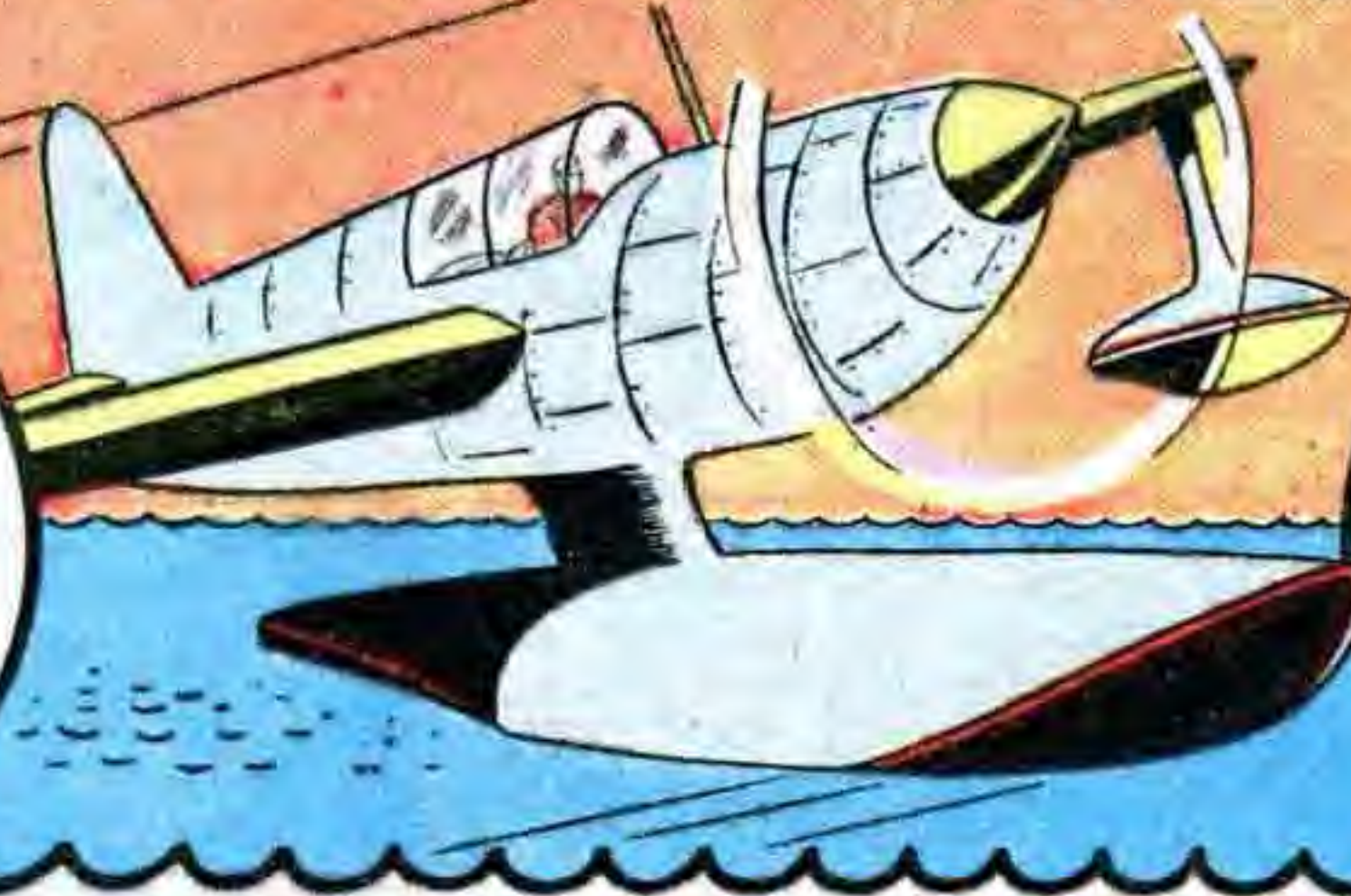
CAPTAIN DEVILDOG

OF THE U.S. MARINES

BET HE STOPS
A REVOLUTION
OR SOMETHING
BEFORE HE
GETS BACK!

YEAH!
HE JUST
NATURALLY
GRAVITATES
TOWARD
TROUBLE!

CAPTAIN
HANK STEELE,
FAMED THROUGHOUT
THE LAND FOR HIS
DARING EXPLOITS AS
CAPTAIN DEVILDOG,
TAKES OFF ON A
ROUTINE INSPECTION
TRIP....



THAT FREIGHTER'S SIGNALLING
FOR HELP! I'D BETTER SEE
WHAT I CAN DO.



SAW YOUR
SIGNAL FOR
HELP.

I'M CRAL, SECOND MATE.
THE CAPTAIN'S DISAPPEARED.
FIRST MATE'S A RAVING
MANIAC. WANT TO GET HIM
TO A DOCTOR
AT ONCE.



6.

EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT
'TILL THE CAPTAIN VANISHED
LAST NIGHT. I WENT TO
TELL THE FIRST MATE AND
FOUND HIM IN
CONVULSIONS!

TOOK FOUR
OF US TO
STRAP HIM
IN BED!



BONA!
BONA!
TELL
ARMY!
PROTECT
U.S.A.!

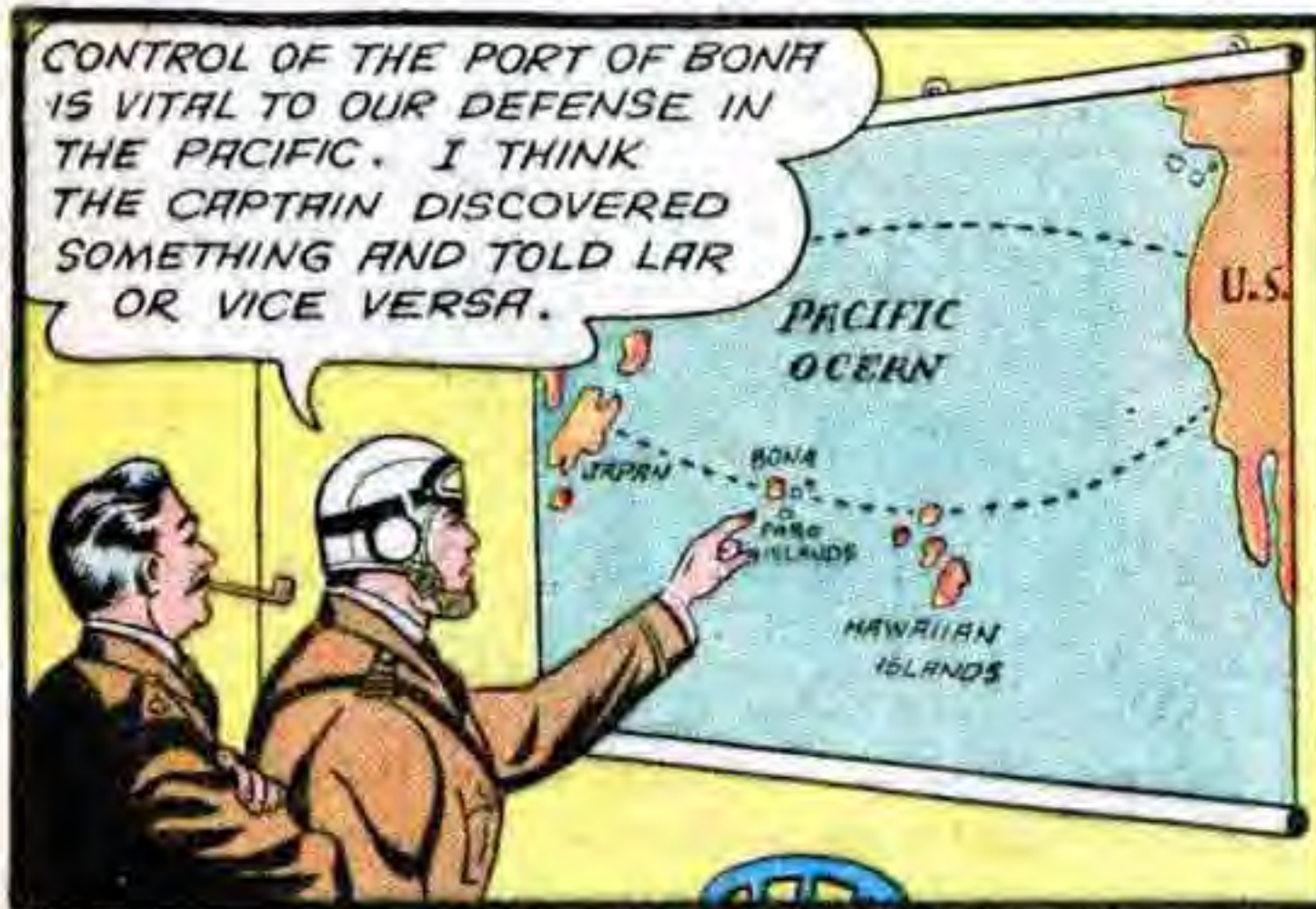
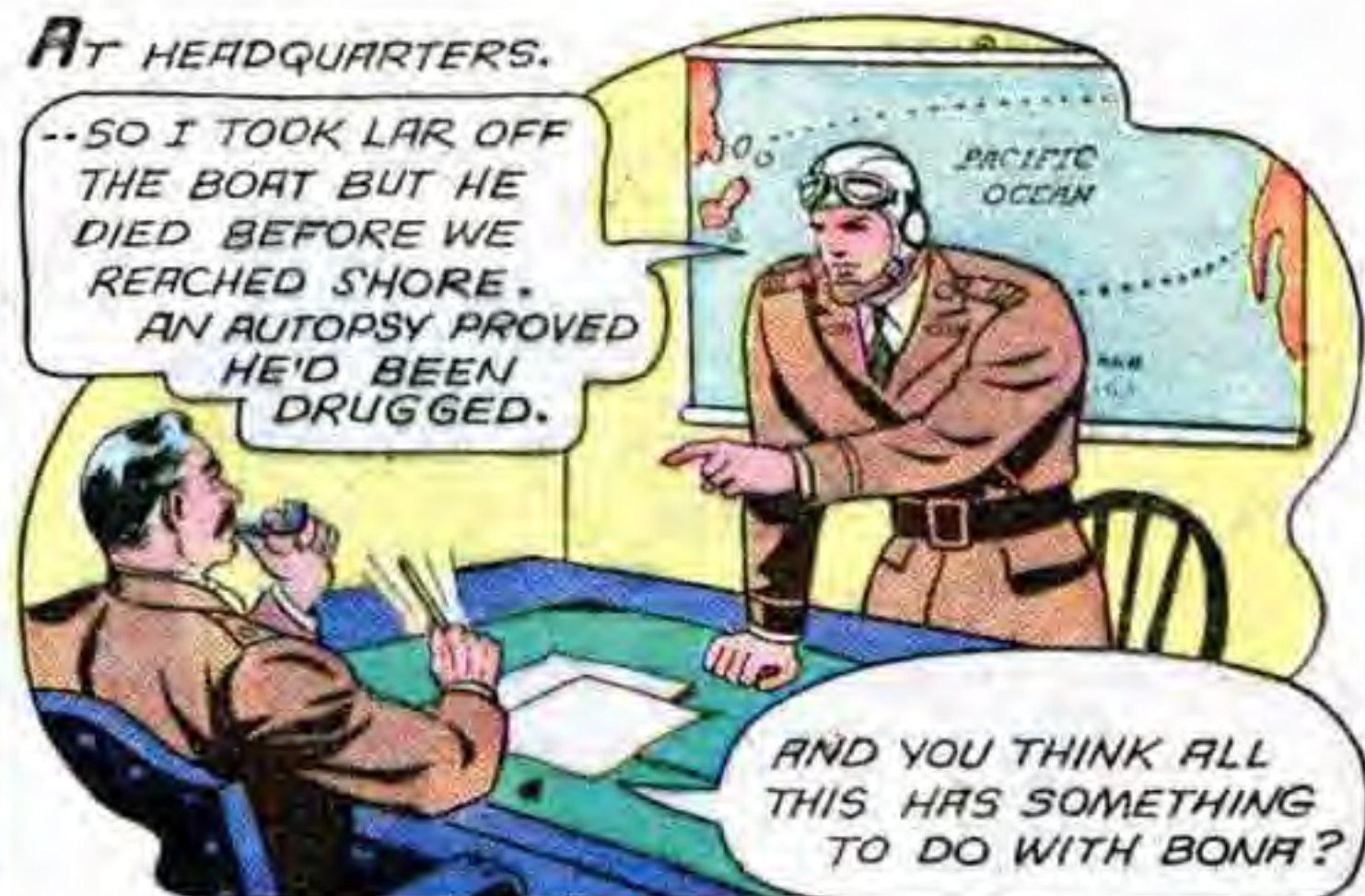
HE'S
STARK
MAD!

SOUNDS LIKE
THE NAME OF
A PLACE IN
THE
PACIFIC!

WE JUST CAME
FROM PARO
ISLANDS. BONA'S
A PORT
THERE.



BIG SHOT COMICS



HANK DECIDES TO VISIT THE EXPERIMENTAL CULTURE SPOT THAT INTERESTED THE VANISHED CAPTAIN...



BIG SHOT COMICS

MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE FREIGHTER....

CRAL KILLED THE CAPTAIN AND POISONED THE FIRST MATE! HE'LL GET US IF WE DON'T STOP HIM!

HE WOULDN'T DARE!

HENKL'S RIGHT! CRAL ACTS SUSPICIOUS! I SAY LET'S TAKE OVER THE SHIP OURSELVES.



WE'RE TAKING OVER!

THIS IS MUTINY!



I'M IN CHARGE NOW!

UGH!



WE CAN'T GO INTO THE PORT WE EXPECTED TO, NOW. HEAD BACK FOR BONA.



CAPTAIN DEVILDOG ARRIVES AT THE MODEL VILLAGE.

THIS PLACE SEEMS MIGHTY QUEER. WHO'D COME WAY OUT HERE TO FIND THEMSELVES A UTOPIA?



I'VE A FEELING I'M BEING WATCHED.



HERE'S ANOTHER QUEER THING! A LARGE, USED, CEMETERY IN A NEW TOWN!

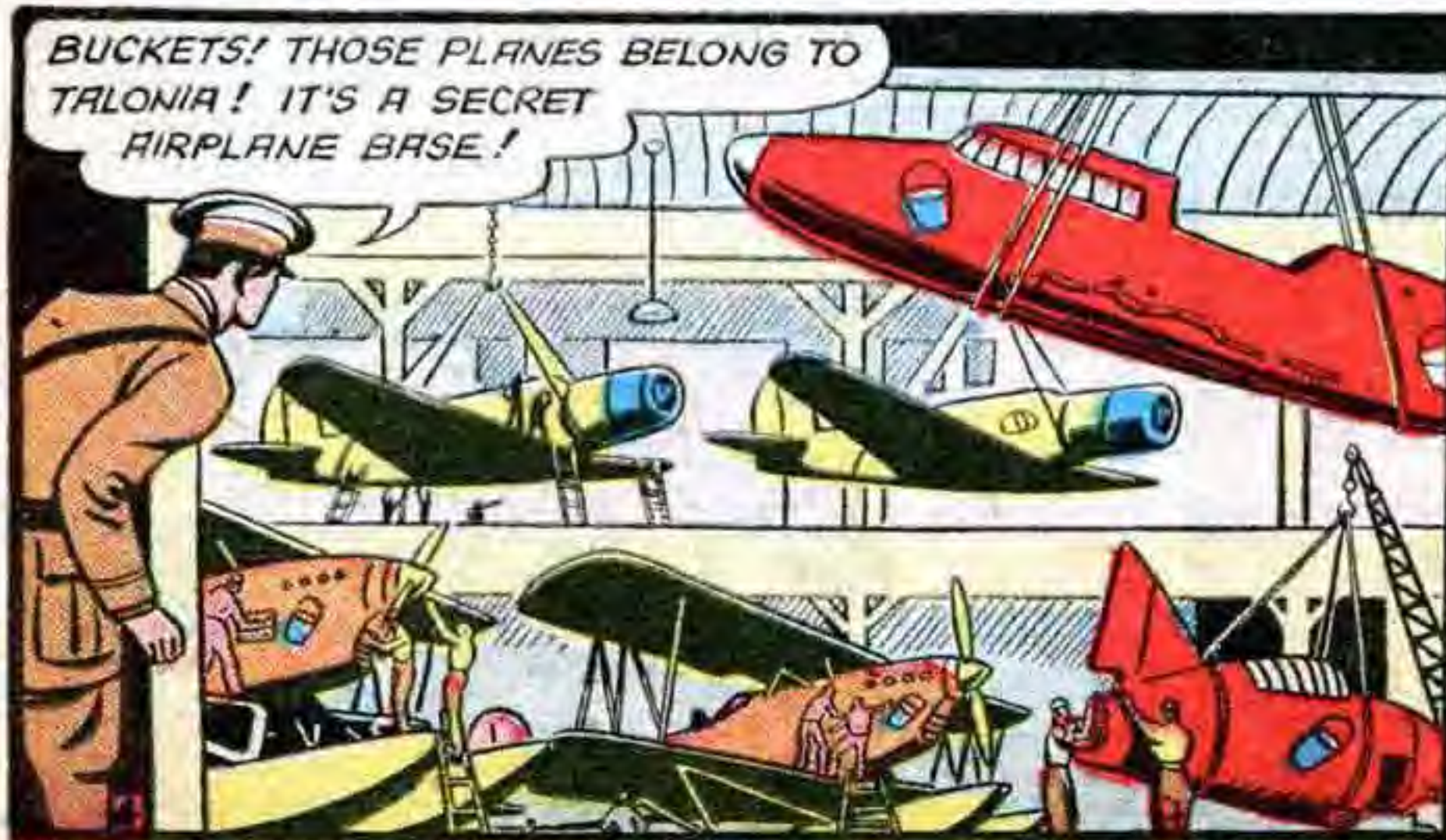


YOU'D BETTER NOT STRUGGLE IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!

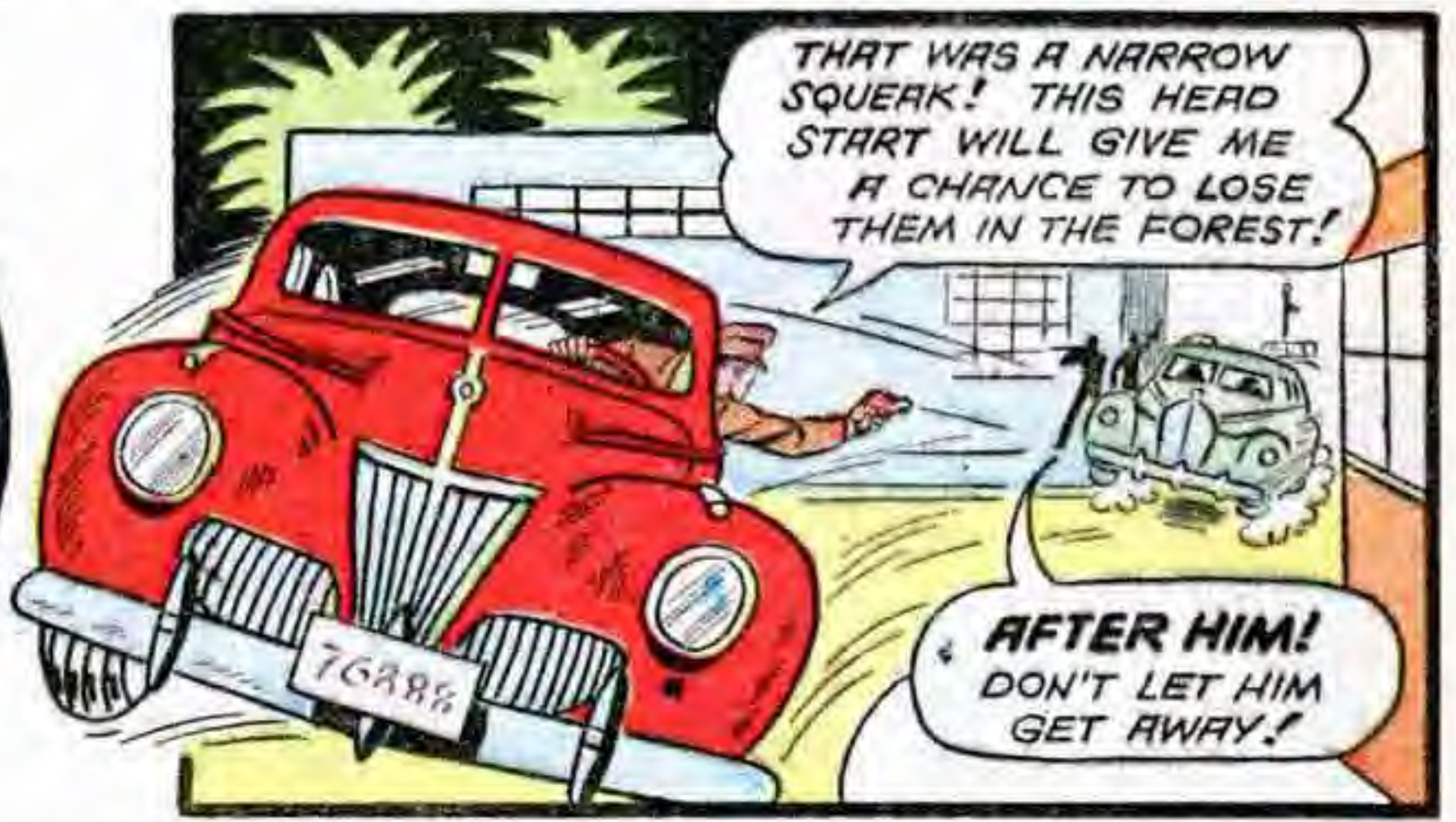
HEY! WHAT INHOSPITALITY!



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

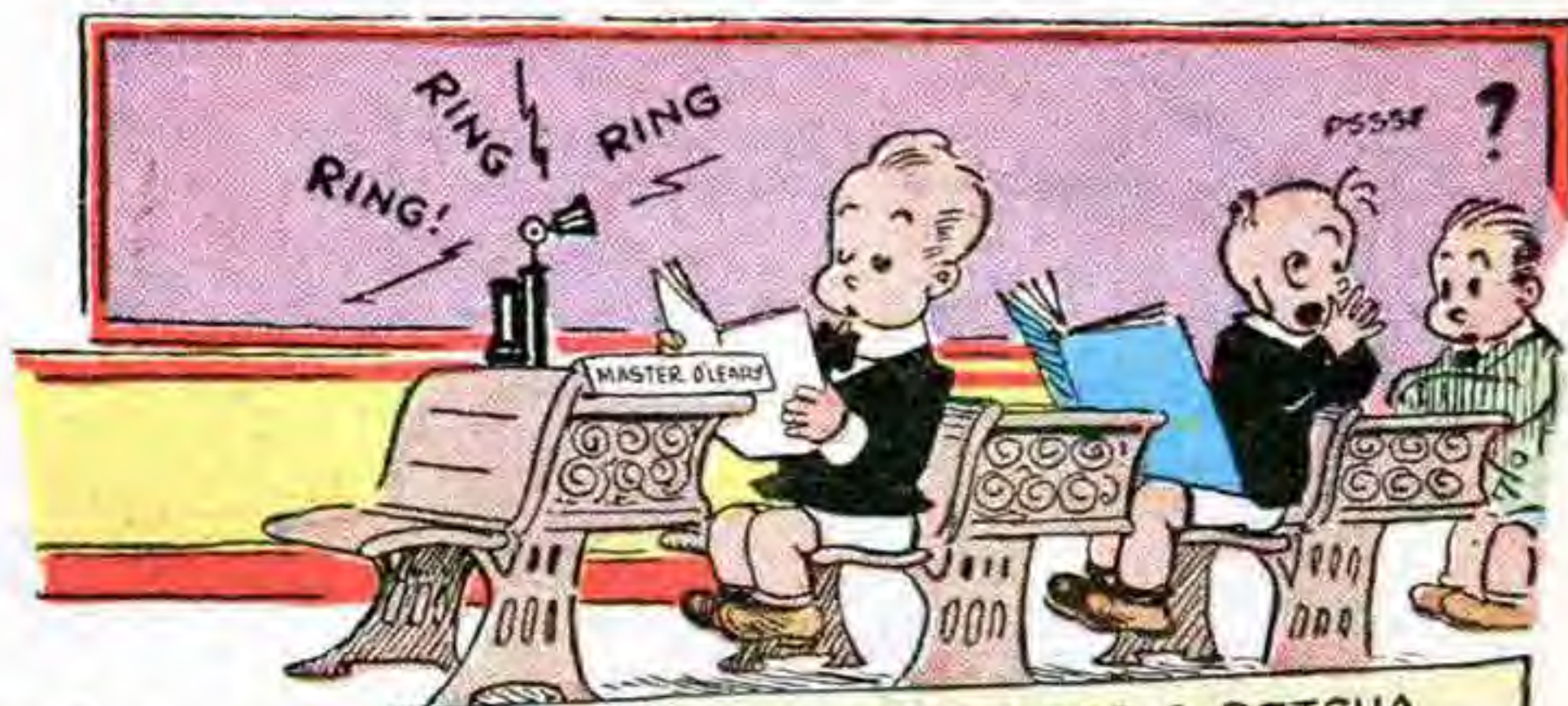


BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

IT'S DRAG - HIS OLD MAN IS WITH TH' PHONE COMPANY -

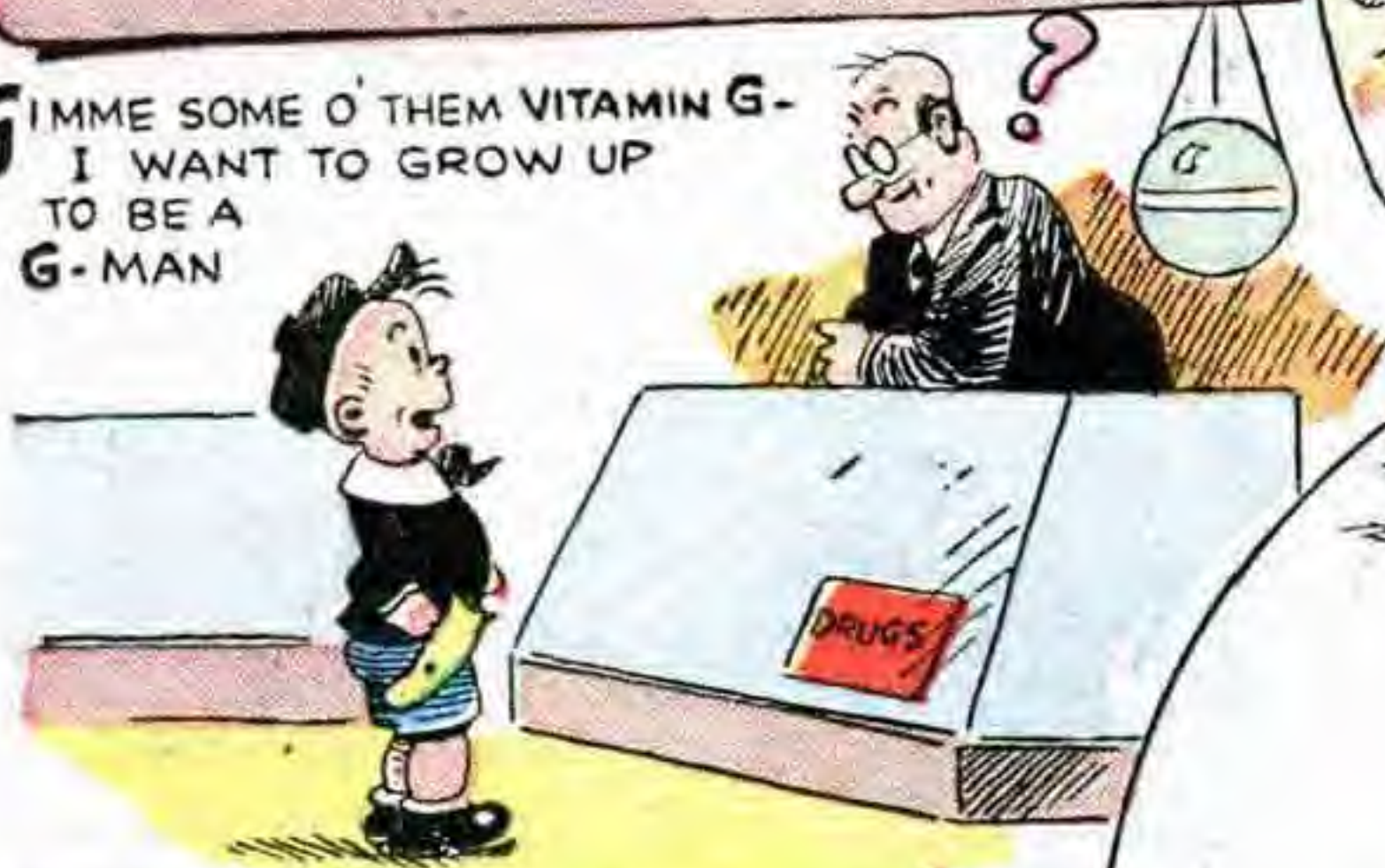


by RAY Mc GILL

WONDER WHY THEY'RE SO CRAZY ABOUT UNIFORMS?



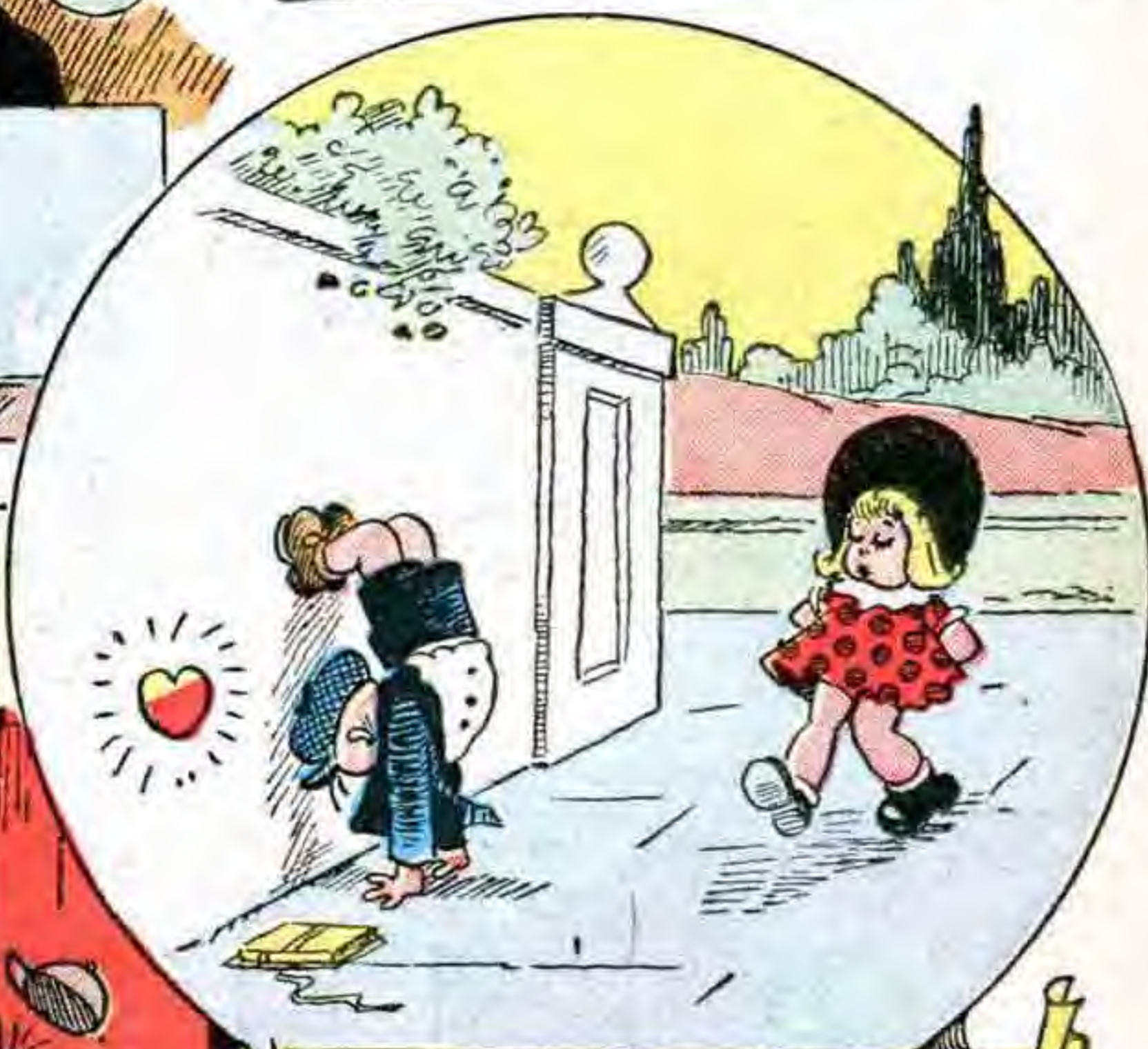
GIMME SOME O' THEM VITAMIN G - I WANT TO GROW UP TO BE A G-MAN



IF SHE WASN'T A DOG, I BETCHA SHE'D BE MISS AMERICA - I BETCHA



GEE-AM I LUCKY - I WONDERED HOW I WAS GONNA SEE THIS GAME!



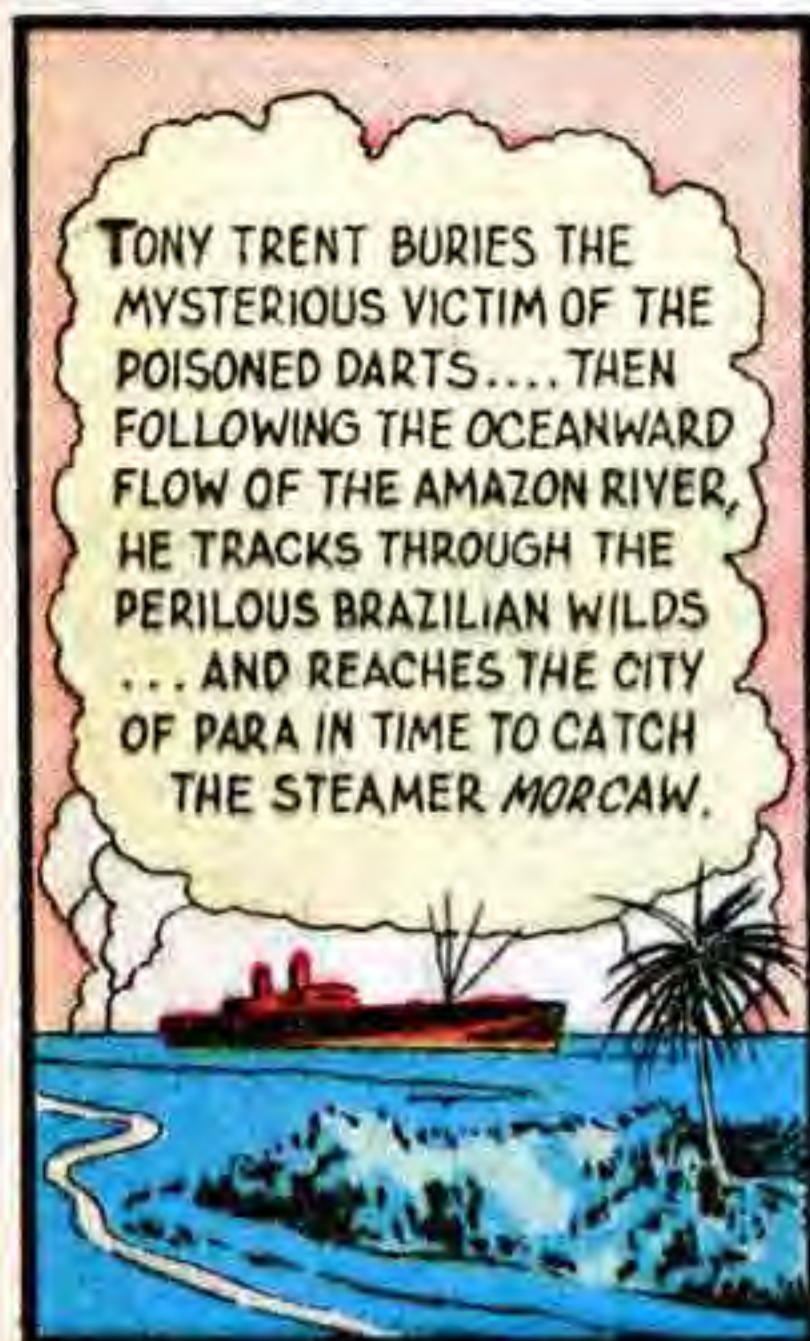
IT'S ALL VERY CLEVER JIMMY - BUT I STILL LIKE JOHNNY BEST!



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

I'LL TAKE THESE, IF YOU DON'T MIND!... NOW, MARCH! THE CAPTAIN WILL PUT YOU IN IRONS UNTIL WE CAN TURN YOU OVER TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES.....

THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY —

TRENT, DID YOU FIND — WHA-A-AH!

WHAT—?

THE FACE MOMENTARILY DISTRACTED, TAKO AND WORMLEY ACT SWIFTLY!

QUICK, TAKO — GET THE DIAMOND!

ME GO! DEMON CAN KEEP DIAMOND!

IF YOU WANT THE DIAMOND, WORMLEY — COME AND TAKE IT!

STRUCK BY TERROR, WORMLEY FLEES AFTER TAKO AS A MOTOR LAUNCH CHUGS ALONGSIDE THE STEAMER

MASTER! OUR BOAT IS HERE!

I'M COMING!

SO AM I!

HAVEN'T YOU FORGOT SOMETHING? — THE DIAMOND AND ME!

TOO LATE THE FACE BOBS TO THE SURFACE...

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

THE S.S. MORCAW SAILS AWAY, LEAVING A SOLITARY SWIMMER IN THE VAST LONELY SEA...

BIG SHOT COMICS

AFTER AN HOUR'S STRUGGLE IN THE INKY WATERS...

I'VE GOT THE DIAMOND — BUT A LOT OF GOOD THAT'LL DO ANYONE OUT HERE!... SAY — IS THAT A SAIL?

IT IS! — A FISHING SCHOONER HEADING THIS WAY! WHAT A BREAK.... BUT I'D BETTER REMOVE THIS FACE MASK — SO THEY WON'T MISTAKE ME FOR A SEA SERPENT!

STRONG HANDS QUICKLY HAUL TONY TRENT ABOARD THE SCHOONER...

OOP YOU COME!

THANKS, FELLOWS!

WHEW! THAT'S HOT! REALLY, CAPTAIN, I DON'T CATCH COLD EASILY.... A-A-CHOO!

IS THIS MUTINY, LAD? YOU'LL DO WHAT CAPT'N HEARTY SAYS — I DON'T WANT YOU COUGHING YOUR LUNGS OUT WITH PNEUMONIA WHEN WE LAND YOU IN NEW YORK TO-MORROW NIGHT!

FIW LLOJJOZ-ZG-Z-GII-

TONY CAN'T BE DEAD — HE JUST CAN'T!

THERE NOW, MISS WALSH! THE NAVY IS DOING ITS BEST TO FIND SOME TRACE OF HIM.

'LO, FOLKS!

TONY! TONY! — BACK ALIVE!

WHY, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU CARED, BABS! CAPT'N HEARTY, WHO PICKED ME UP, DOESN'T BELIEVE IN WIRELESS — OR YOU'D HAVE HEARD FROM ME SOONER. I JUST CAME ASHORE.

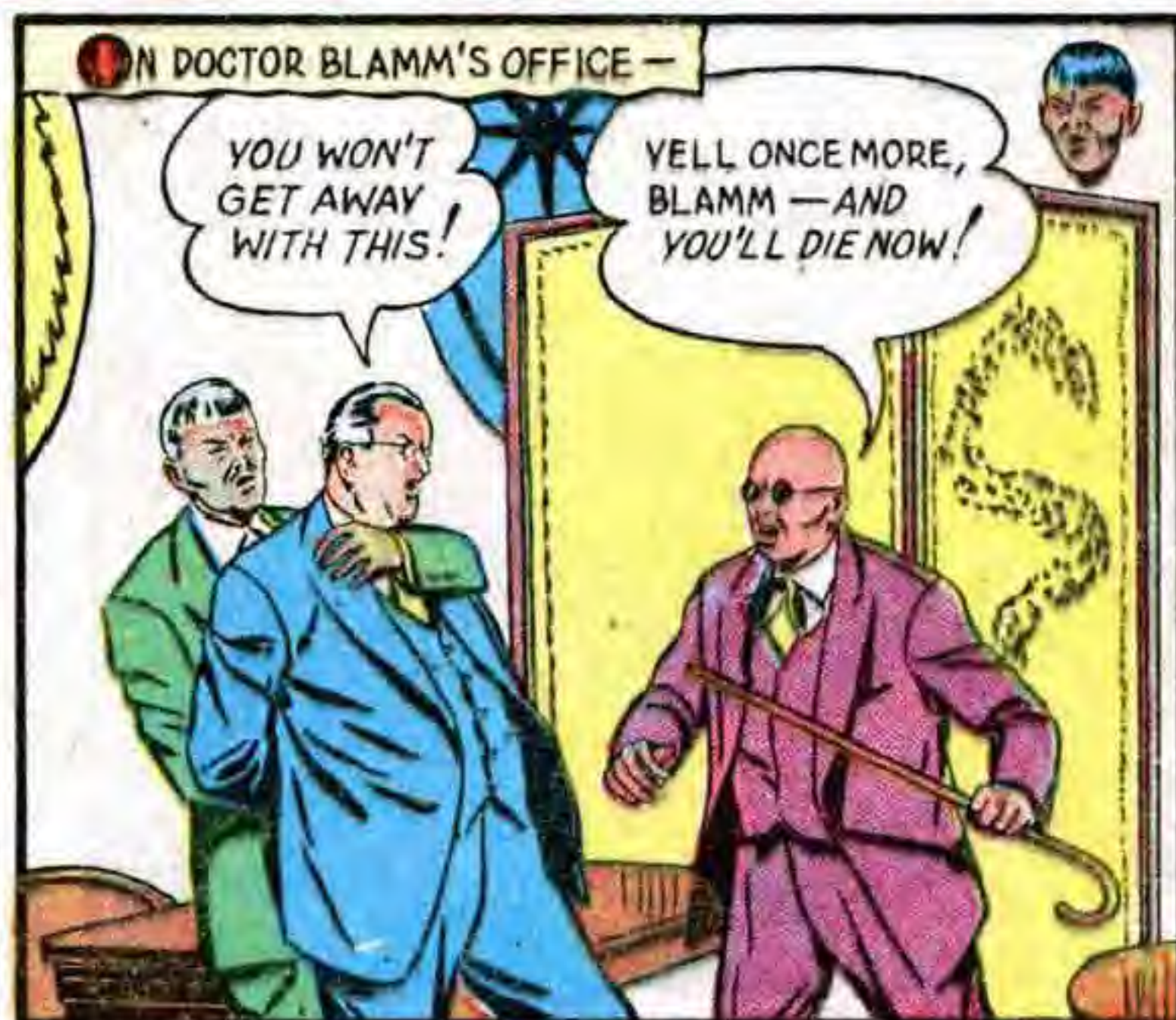
THE NEWSPAPERS MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT A DIAMOND, TONY.

HERE IT IS. SINCE LARKON IS DEAD, I'LL TURN IT OVER TO THE POLICE TO FIND ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BAUBLE — CERTAINLY WORTH THREE DOLLARS!

WHAT!

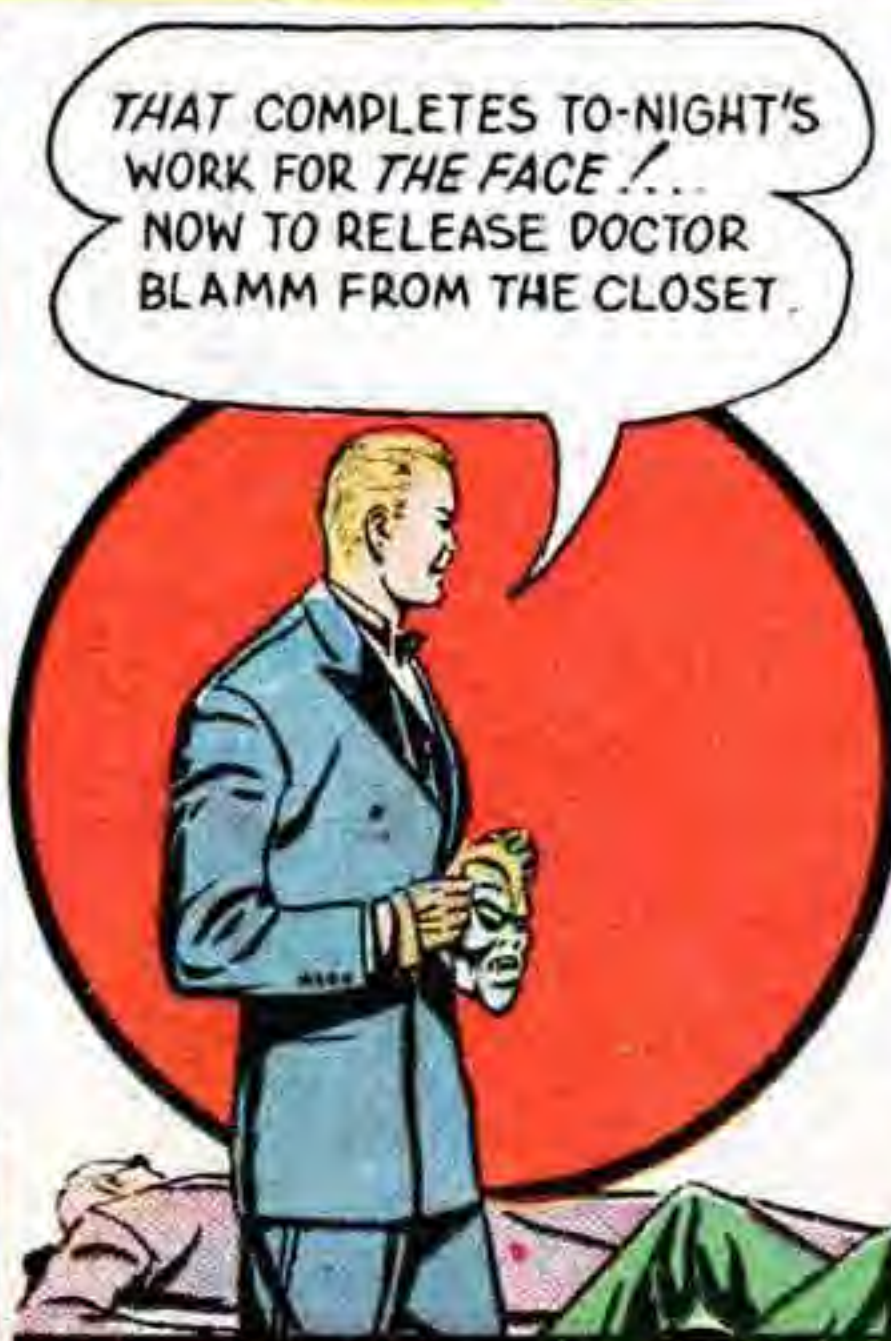
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, TAKO LEAPS AT THE FACE'S DEFENSELESS BACK. FEARLESS IN A SUDDEN BLOOD-LUST.



—BY—
A.W. NUGENT

ESCAPE

CAUGHT

START

The 97 Pound Weakling

—Who became “the World’s Most Perfectly Developed Man”

“I’ll prove that YOU too can be a NEW MAN!”

—Charles Atlas

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn’t know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered “*Dynamic Tension*.” It gave me a body that won for me the title “World’s Most Perfectly Developed Man.”

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I’m talking about. I’ve seen my new system, “*Dynamic Tension*,” transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that “*Dynamic Tension*” is what you need.

No “ifs,” and “ands,” or “maybes.” Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepleless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about “*Dynamic Tension*” and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

“*Dynamic Tension*” is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it’s actually fun. “*Dynamic Tension*” does the work.

Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I’ll send you my illustrated book, “*Everlasting Health and Strength*.” Tells all about my “*Dynamic Tension*” method. Shows actual photos of men I’ve made into Atlas Champions. It’s a valuable book! And it’s FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 236N, 115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of title,
“The World’s Most
Perfectly Developed
Man.”

CHARLES ATLAS,

Dept. 236N, 115 East 23rd Street,
New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of “*Dynamic Tension*” will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, “*Everlasting Health and Strength*.”

Name
(Please print or write plainly.)

Address

City State

Check here ☐ for booklet “A” if under 16 years of age.